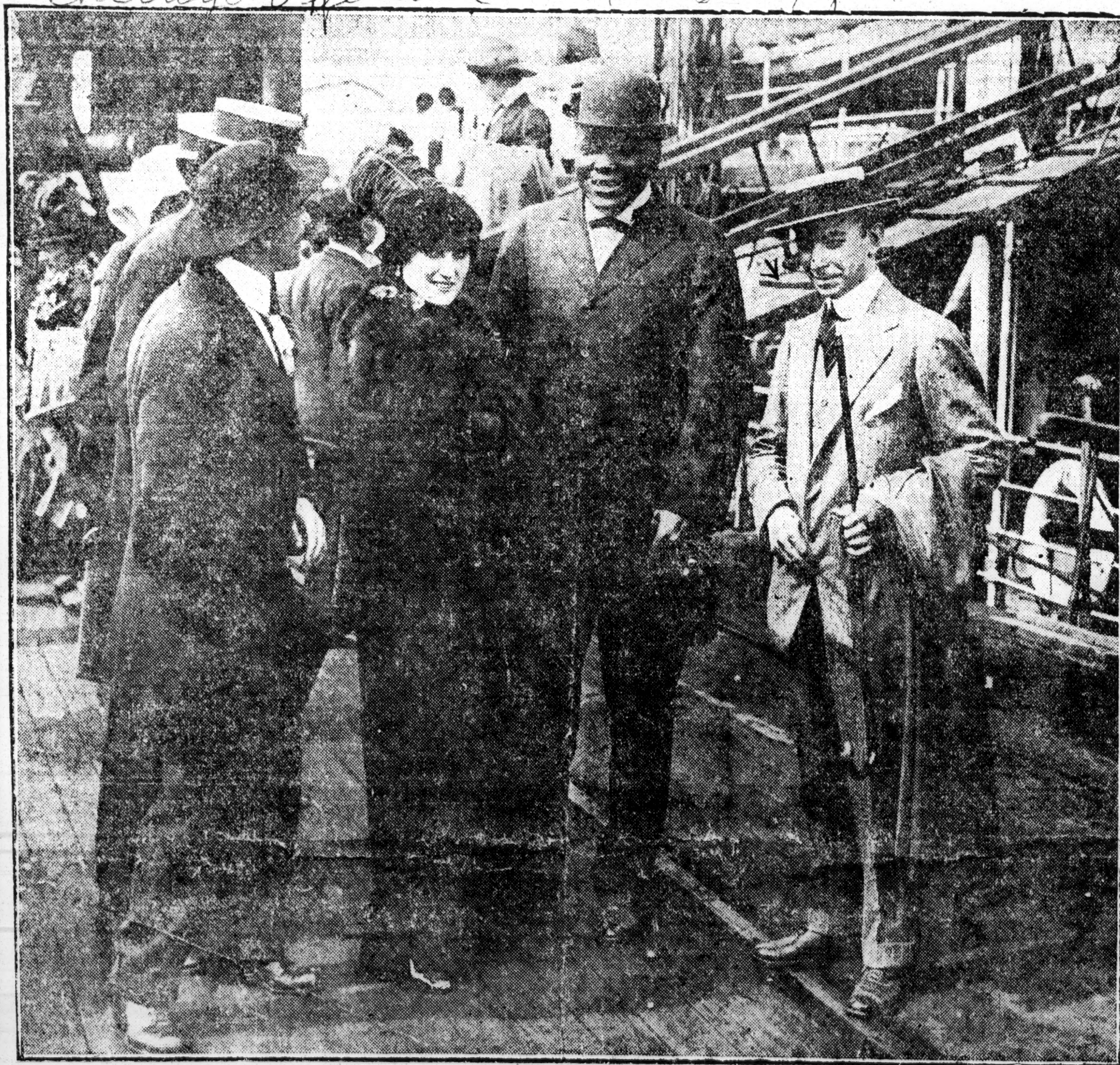


JACK JOHNSON AND WIFE ENJOYING THE BALMY BREEZES OF SPAIN

Chicago Defender 17-5-18



Famous heavyweight pugilist and wife photographed for the Chicago Defender as they disembarked from the steamship Valencia II. Both are enjoying the best of health and Jack, with his famous smile, looks even better than on his triumphal return from his victory over Jeffries at Reno. After attending to business in Barcelona the party motored to Madrid, stopping at the Hotel Plaza. The man on the right is a cousin to the king of Spain



HOWARD DREW.

NEGROES IN BASEBALL.

PITTSBURGH LEADER
FEBRUARY 10, 1918.

Baseball is a most democratic institution. Its devotees spring from all conditions and ranks of life, and every one has an equal chance at fame and lucre—every one except the negro. His is the only race tacitly barred. The first and only legislation bearing on this subject was in 1867, nearly three years after the Civil war, and six months before the colored man was given the rights of citizenship. It was the period when the fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States was being hotly debated in the legislature

of the different states.

In the minutes of the annual convention of the National Association of Baseball Players, at Philadelphia, on December 11, 1867, "the report of the nomination committee, through its active chairman, James W. Davis, was presented, the feature of it being the recommendation to exclude colored clubs from representation in the association, the object being to keep out of the convention the discussion of any subject having a political bearing, as this undoubtedly has."

The precedent thus established has been followed right along. The meaning was assumed to include individuals as well as clubs. However, two negro players managed to successfully combat the race prejudice and gain an equal footing on the diamond with the whites. They were Moses F. Walker, a catcher, and Frank Grant, a second baseman.

Walker was with Toledo of the Northwestern League in 1882 and caught the delivery of no less a personage than Hank O'Day, the present National League umpire. In 1884 Toledo became a member of the American association, a major league organization.

Walker remained with the team, and in addition to O'Day caught Tony Mullane, whose services had been obtained from the St. Louis Browns. One of the other catchers on the Toledo team that year was Jim McGuire, who later became one of the star catchers of the country and last season was coach and scout for the Detroit club.

Grant broke into the white ranks at Meriden in 1886. Meriden was then an Eastern league town, which dropped out before the close of the season. The negro had finished the season with the Buffalo team, also of the Eastern league.

MEMBER OF N. J. COMMISSION OPPOSES MIXED BOUTS

"Wilful" Cann Says Colored and White Fighters Must Not Meet in the Ring

New York City, Sept. 29/18
Boxing Autocrat Joins Ranks of Those Obstructing the President's Desire for a True Democracy.

They call him Wilfred Cann over in New Jersey, but since his unloving stand in boxing circles I cannot help giving him a new name, which from now on will be "Wilful Cann." The President of the United States, desirous of pushing the war to a successful finish, has seen fit not only to send a word of encouragement to his countrymen of color, but by putting his O. K. on the order commissioning most a thousand colored officers proved that he was willing to go a long way towards seeing that black men receive some of the recognition which should be theirs without having to make a noise for it. But along comes "Wilful," who is physical director of the Elizabeth, N. J., Y. M. C. A., and who seems to hold the balance of power with the New Jersey Boxing Commission, with a ruling that colored and white fighters must not

meet in the ring in the mosquitothe commission if it went through state. We are more than thankful that with it. It was thereupon cancelled. New Jersey did not send to the President. Opposed to Mr. Cann in his stand on the chair a man with the make-against "mixed bouts" are John S. up of Little "Wilful," for it is dollarsSmith, chairman of the commission, to doughnuts he would be handing and E. S. Cram. Mr. Cann is physical down a ruling that colored and white director of the Elizabeth Y. M. C. A., and hails from Montclair or fighters should not meet in the C. A., and hails from Montclair or trenches. At a time like this such the Oranges, or out than any some actions like "Wilful" Cann's cannot place.

have a tendency to help the President nor make the machinery for running the war work smoothly, for it only adds to the dissatisfaction of more than ten million black Americans who are faithfully doing their share in this war—as they have done in all other wars. Everything is being done to make the white men feel happy while wearing the uniform of his country, why then cannot we ask and demand that men who go out of their way to make us feel that we are fighting for the shadow and not the substance be relegated to the rear and men unsullied by the venom of this damnable race prejudice placed in positions where they can do more good by handing out just instead of infamous rulings? Our good friend Walter St. Denis in the New York Globe of Monday, under the heading of "Old Question Up Again," says:

Reports current in New Jersey boxing circles indicate that internal dissension is developing in the commission which regulates and governs the sport over there under the provisions of the Hurley law. The old "mixed bouts" question is the rock of contention which threatens to cause trouble. Two members of the commission, it is understood, are in favor of contests between Negro and white pugilists under certain restrictions. The third member is unalterably opposed to them, despite the more weighty opinion of his two associates.

When the commission was first appointed, or shortly thereafter, it ruled against "mixed" bouts. The prohibitory order raised a howl of protest, particularly among the boxing fans of Hoboken, the home town of Joe Jeannette.

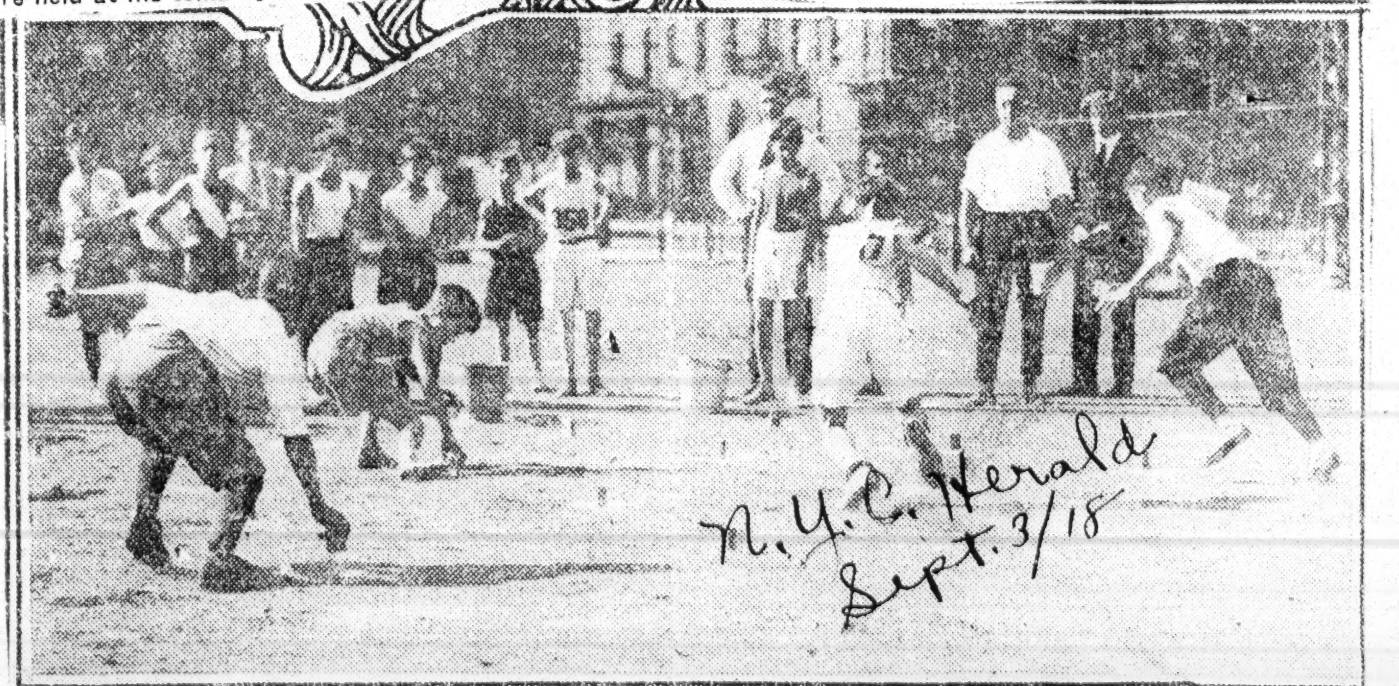
So strong was the pressure brought to bear upon the commission that it promptly rescinded the rule to the extent of permitting colored boxers to oppose white men only in "star" bouts.

Several such bouts have been staged in Jersey at various clubs. They were all billed as star attractions. The other night the Spring A. C. of Hoboken advertised a match between Lee Johnson, the crack colored light weight, and a white boy, Bobby Lyons. Late in the evening the officials of the club received a communication, said to have come from Commissioner Wilfred Cann, to the effect that if the match was staged the club would be "put out of business." The Armory A. A. of Jersey City, which had a match clinched and pending between Jeannette and Battling Davinsky, also was given to understand that it would incur the displeasure of

PETER JACKSON'S GRAVE IN AUSTRALIA



Four of Jackson's friends paying their respects to the memory of the great chieftain. Every year ceremonies are held at his tomb by all nationalities and the good characteristics of the great fighter are enunciated.



POTATO RACE AT CHELSEA PARK
PHOTOS BY R. E. PHILLIPS N.Y.C.

DEMPSEY DID RIGHT THING IN REFUSING TO BOX NEGRO HEAVYWEIGHT IN GARDEN SHOW

Western Boxer Was Victim of a Bold Attempt to Double Cross Him—Affair a Blow to Boxing.

By DAN LYONS.

If boxing comes back in New York State it will be in spite of the disgraceful scene which was enacted in the ring in Madison Square Garden on Saturday night.

Prospects of the game being restored to a legal basis here were very bright up to that time. It is a known fact that Governor-Elect Alfred E. Smith is favorably disposed toward the sport. While, perhaps, he would not take the initiative in the enactment of a new law, he would not place any obstacles in the way of such legislation. Moreover, the sport has grown in popular favor. The government's official indorsement and encouragement of it have done much to overcome prudish opposition to it.

As a result of that which occurred in the United War Work Fund show the return of boxing is a dubious proposition. It furnishes the enemies of the sport with new ammunition. If it didn't actually kill the chances of a new bill it will count heavily against securing it. It was a shameful, disgusting exhibition of poor sportsmanship.

And the most peculiar feature of the whole thing was that the men responsible are men who depend to a greater or lesser degree upon boxing for livelihood. Those who would profit most by the re-establishment of the game were the ones who did their damndest to prevent it.

Jack Dempsey was wholly justified in the stand he took. It was quite proper for him to refuse to box under the conditions that developed. Instead of being censured, as some are disposed to do, he is to be commended for taking the attitude he did. His action should gain him new admirers.

Briefly, the entire affair was nothing more nor less than a bald attempt to "frame" Dempsey. Furthermore, it was of such a palpable nature that it was an insult to the intelligence of the fans.

Several days ago it was bruited about that something was "coming off" in the War Work Fund show. Just exactly what it was to be could not be learned, but the rumor was persistent and gained wide circulation. Developments in the Garden consequently did not surprise those who had heard the reports. Those responsible for the fracas deserve the severest censure.

The management—that is, Charles Harvey, chairman of the committee which arranged the bouts—professed to be entirely innocent in the matter. "Certainly I had no knowledge that this was going to take place," Harvey declared excitedly when the question was asked him. "I haven't the slightest idea of how it all came about. I was in another part of the building when I heard that there was a mix-up of some kind in the ring. I would not have tolerated such a thing."

Joe Jeanette and Kid Norfolk engineered the wretched affair. It was a "plant," pure and simple; an attempt to discredit and disgrace Dempsey and at the same time gain publicity for their boxers. The colored heavyweights are operating in a limited field. In many places there is an aversion to matching them with white men. Consequently the Negroes are obliged to pick upon each other, and as there are only about half a dozen of them the pickings are not very good. If Dempsey would consent to meeting the colored men the latter would profit largely by it. But Dempsey is not engaging in "mixed" matches at the present time. Nor does he propose to be forced into them.

To accuse Dempsey of taking refuge behind the color line is bunk. He does not "fear" any man living. Personally we do not believe that his master is to be found in the ranks of the colored heavyweights.

Dempsey declared himself on "mixed" matches months ago. The writer queried him on the point when he was at Long Branch training for his bout with Fred Fulton. "As far as I am concerned," said he, "I don't care a prairie whoop whom I am matched with. I will fight anybody. My manager, Jack Kearns, does the matchmaking for me. If he matches me with a Negro I'll go through with it. It is immaterial to me who the opponent is."

"I am the one who objects to matches between white and colored boxers," interjected Kearns, who was standing close by. "I suppose the colored men will raise a yell sooner or later and accuse Dempsey of fearing them, but let them yell. I don't think that mixed bouts do the game any good. Unless I am convinced that there is a strong public demand for such a match I will not make one."

It was to create such a "demand" that the affair in the Garden was staged. It was prearranged. It has since been said that the nefarious scheme was concocted in Billy Grupp's gymnasium some days ago. When Dempsey was confronted by Jeanette and Norfolk instead of Joe Bonds, with whom he was matched, and the plot began to unfold itself, he made no objection to the last minute switch. In fact, he seemed to be inclined to fall for it until Manager Kearns ordered him not to box the Negro. Jim Coffey, national director of boxing for the fund, supported Kearns in the stand he took.

The announcement made by the raucous voiced announcer that Bonds was unable to box was absolutely untrue. While the hubbub was still on the writer sought out Bonds in his dressing room. The room was in darkness and Bonds was just finishing dressing. "How did all this happen, Joe?" we inquired.

"Oh, Jeanette came to me and asked me to withdraw and let him box Dempsey instead. I agreed. Of course, I came here expecting to go through with the match. You can see for yourself that I have just taken off all my stuff. In fact, I still have on my cup. I took the match on to do my bit for the fund. Charlie Harvey came to me and begged me to fight Dempsey."

Bonds Was Prepared to Box, but Said He Withdrew as a Favor

to Joe Jeanette—It Was Pre-arranged.

as he said he was unable to get anybody else to do so. I'll admit that maybe Dempsey would have knocked me out, but I would have gone down fighting. When Jeanette asked me to step aside I figured that it had been so arranged with Dempsey. I was glad enough to get out of it. It saved me from a knockout."

Those who pulled off the deal excused their act on the grounds that Bonds was physically unfit to box an opponent of Dempsey's calibre, and that such a match would be inviting a fatality. If such is the case the match should never have been made. It is true that Bonds would be a sorry opponent for Dempsey; still, the match was made and advertised. Bonds was present and should have been made to go on by the committee in charge.

The most ridiculous thing about the whole occurrence was that Jeanette and Norfolk, who seemed so anxious to box Dempsey did not box each other as agreed. The men were matched and it was advertised from the very beginning. It was announced after the turmoil had subsided that the hour was too late to permit the two Negroes to box. They can thus save their match until another time, when they can get some money with it.

Another farcical thing was Jack Britton's offer to fight three rounds with Dempsey. Britton is a truly great boxer, and no doubt was sincere, but he is a welterweight. Such a match would have been an amusing spectacle, but that is all.

Except for the attempt to discredit Dempsey the show was quite a success. Most of the bouts that were fought were interesting. Soldier Bartfield and Britton put up a battle that bristled with action and which Bartfield won. Johnny Dundee and Joe Welling fought to a draw. Willie Jackson's heavier hitting and aggressiveness defeated Eddie Wallace. Benny Valger won from Leo Johnson, and Frankie Burns, after running out of his match with Knockout Eggers, outpointed Jack Sharkey. The other three matches on the card were called off for various reasons.

Will Invite Britons to Penn Relays in 1920

By HOWARD

Reappearance of Oxford Runners at Big Franklin Field Meet Among the Prospects for Peace—May Bring French Team, Too.

One of the hundreds of happy prospects that the coming peace brings to athleticdom is the return of athletic ties between our country and Great Britain. More especially is this true of the annual relay carnival of the University of Pennsylvania. No man or woman who saw the Penn relays in 1914—the year in which the war blight descended on the world—will ever forget the great four-mile relay struggle between the Oxford and Pennsylvania runners, which ended in the now Lieutenant-Colonel Arnold N. S. Jackson hurling his giant form across the tape a bare foot in front of Wallace McCurdy, wearing the Red and Blue.

After that sensational race it was, of course, the intention of the Penn management to bring a British team across for one or more of the championship events each spring. The war killed this plan for a period that is destined to last up several years from fateful 1914, but with the coming of peace it is perfectly permissible to dream of seeing the good old Union Jack flaunted on the path at Franklin Field with more or less regularity.

It is possible, too, that the Penn management, when it invites the Britons again, will send a bid also to one of the leading French colleges. It is not hard to imagine how the athletic public would pile into the stands at Franklin Field for a peek at a relay race between American collegians and honest-to-goodness Johnny Bulls and Frenchies. Even at such a far off date as April, 1920—the stunt could hardly be pulled before that time—a British-American-French inter-collegiate relay race would send Old Penn's meet roaring over the top in a manner that would stamp the "relays" as the banner sporting event of the year.

Brooklyn Games To-Night,
The athletic "bugs" will storm the armory of the Forty-seventh Regiment in Brooklyn to-night for the first set of games in aid of the United War Work drive. This meet, conducted under the auspices of the Knights of St. Antony, Loughlin Lyceum, and McCaddin, three of the most energetic clubs across the bridge, will be the means of dropping many dollars into the coffers of the fund that is being raised for the purpose of maintaining the morale of our fighting men during the demobilization period.

A full list of track and field and bike events will be shown. the banner race than the time made by Joe Gladio, the

being a three-mile run, scratch, in which Sailor Pores, from Pelham Bay, will try to show a clean pair of heels to a large and ambitious field, which will include his most dangerous rival, Soldier Jimmy Henigan.

A relay, in which the "Knights," Loughlin and McCaddin, will renew their old rivalry, will be another entertaining feature.

AMONG THE LAST thousand of stalwart young Americans that went to France to speed W. Hohenzollern's departure for the Hot Place, was Howard P. Drew, the colored boy who, in his day, was one of the greatest hundred-yard men that this country ever developed.

Now that the fighting is over it's just possible that Top-Sergeant Drew may get into some sprinting action. It's a cinch that the doughboys will dig out the colored flier and send him against the best that runs in the British, Australian, and French armies, betting their last ounce of tobacco as well as all of their "kale" for the former Springfield High School star.

So do not be surprised to read within the next few weeks of Drew's hooking up with some of the world famous sprinters who are, like himself, soldiers in the victorious armies of democracy.

Drew, though he has not done any great amount of racing during the last three years, is in pretty good trim. This he proved at the Conference College championships last spring by going into his meet with but very little preparation, and cleaning up that fine sprinter, Johnny Scholz, of the University of Missouri, in "evens."

Chicago Distancer Here.
Although Joie Ray will be unable to come east for the various athletic meets being conducted by the A. A. U. for the benefit of the United War Work fund, Chicago will not be without a representative in these games.

winner. He has been training for the shorter distances of late, and promises to make trouble for the local distance runners while here.

Entries for the national junior cross-country championship race closed yesterday. The Brooklyn A. A., Fordham S. A. T. C., Morningside A. C., Pelham Bay N. T. S., St. Christopher Club, and Pastime A. C. are expected to start teams.

AN INNOVATION in the form of a flat floor bicycle carnival will be held under the auspices of the Thirteenth Coast Artillery Corps, New York Guard at the armory, Sumner, Jefferson, and Putnam avenues, Brooklyn, on Nov. 23 and the proceeds will be donated through the Amateur Athletic Union to the United War Work campaign.

The National Cycling Association has sanctioned the meet, and its riders are enthusiastic over the opportunity to do their bit for this worthy cause. Many thrills are in store for those who attend, as those who have attended track and bicycle events in the Thirteenth Armory in the past can attest.

The events will be as follows: Quarter-mile dash, selected heats and final; half-mile sprint, selected heats and final; one-mile handicap, open; three-mile handicap, open; Australian pursuit race, invitation. Solid gold, sterling silver, and bronze medal, respectively, to first, second, and third man in each final heat. Entries close on Nov. 18 with Captain Joseph G. Hardmeyer, Thirteenth Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, of R. F. Kelsey, National Cycling Association.

OUR ATHLETES OF THE PAST AND PRESENT

Defender
The Chicago

New York, N. Y., Dec. 13.—Within the past decade Negro athletes have made an enviable reputation in A. A. U. circles as sprinters. Ever since the late John B. Taylor showed his heels to a host of crack sprinters in establishing the intercollegiate mark of 47 4-5's for the double furlong back in 1909, our Race has always had representatives who could hold their own in duels of speed with the world's best. In this specialty the Salem Crescent A. C. with such sterling performers as "Bunk" Jones, Roy Morse and Pete White has perhaps excelled every other Colored club. Other champions of remarkable brilliance include "Jimmie" Ravenell of St. Christopher, Sol. Butler, Burwell and Howard Drew.

While our status in the world of sprint is admitted, white critics have been slow to acknowledge our abilities in the longer races. Although several athletes have shown wonderful form at the middle distances, chief among these being Dismond, Granger of St. Christopher and Evans, the fact is argued that abilities in these events do not necessarily prove that these athletes have that staying quality so essential in long distant grinds. However, since the development of the St. Christopher cross-country team, even this argument is rapidly falling into discard. This team has scored in a national championship every year since its formation in 1914.

Out of this large group of hill-and-dale runners have emerged three individual stars: Jenkins, Morris and Stokeley. The meteoric career of the former was cut short when he enlisted in the officers' training school early in the war; that of Morris is as long and as consistently brilliant as any long distancer in America. Stokeley, the last of the triumvirate, is an athlete who combines the best features of Morris as a plugger and of Jenkins as a finisher. Clean cut, modest and determined, this sinewy athlete radiates all that we expect in a "gentleman athlete." Within the last two months he has won eight consecutive races in as many starts since the passing of "Sid" Jackson, the old "war horse."

Stoke, as he is affectionately called, has been the backbone of the St. Christopher track team; its surest point winner, and its most versatile performer. In the outdoor season just closed, he has scored points for his team in races all the way from the half mile to the modified marathon. Next season when all the boys will have returned from "over there" and competition will be more keen than ever before, Colored fans will be able to sit comfortably in the bleachers feeling assured that they will be ably represented in the long distance events by the groups now being developed in the Metropolitan district, and that one of the best bets among this group will be our old friend Bill Stokeley.

At the annual meet of the National A.A.U. championships held in Chicago, Ill., Robert E. Johnson, of Camp Upton, N.Y., won the five run in the junior events.

The Crisis, November 1918. Page 37.

Steele
Lee Umble, a colored student of the High School, Troy, Ohio, has been

making a remarkable record in athletics, especially in baseball and long distance

running. He holds several high school records.

The Crisis, August 1916. P. 190.

League of Negro Clubs Would Be a Good Idea, Says Hughey Fullerton

However, Evening World Expert
Declares That New York
Fan's Suggestion That Cham-
pionship Colored Teams Play
White Clubs Would Increase
Race Antagonism.

By Hugh S. Fullerton.

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(The New York Evening World).

MR. DAVE YOUNG, a New
Yorker, has advanced a sug-
gestion which opens a big field
in baseball. Mr. Young has a big idea



and he is right—a magnificent man in every department. Buckner, as a player and as a comedian, has been for twenty years a great card, and at an age at which the majority of players retire to slippers and rheumatism he still can play a gallant third base, as almost any Palm Beach guest who has watched the negro teams perform in partisanship is to winter will attest.

A dozen such players might be organized and named. There is one genius, however, who has given the sport a great boost among colored people and that is "Rube" Foster, a man now well toward fifty, who still is a great pitcher and one of the finest fielders in the game.

Mr. Young is certainly correct in his assumption that these teams would create inter-race antagonism.

est. It would create riots and trouble also. He misses the essential fact that to pit white against colored teams is to increase race antagonism at a time when the world is striving to get rid of that very thing.

The big idea back of Mr. Young's suggestion is this: That the major league teams could do a big stroke of business by organizing negro teams to occupy their grounds during the absence of the league teams. A league of negro clubs made up of, say, Boston, New York and Philadelphia in the East, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis in the West, would prove a big drawing card, would furnish a lot of sport and would supply tens of thousands of colored people with a chance to witness clean and healthy sport. Incidentally it would assist the big league clubs materially by keeping their expensive plants busy during the entire summer instead of part of the time.

In my judgment it would be a mistake to schedule contests between white and colored teams. Sooner or later it would be certain to result in

see. One day in Chicago I sat near a large, very black man who was rooting for the Giants. It was Sunday afternoon. Evidently he was still imbued either with the crap shooting of the preceding night or the "shouting" in church that morning. As a batter came to the plate with the bases filled he would close his eyes, rock to and fro, and croon gently and imploringly, his voice rising higher and higher until he was shouting as he begged that batter for a hit.

It is the conduct and the good nature of the colored players and their self-restraint that impressed me most with their professional teams. Their arguments with umpires even are tinged with good natured railery rather than dislike and they show the officials more respect than the white players do.

Once, when the old Chicago Cubs were season game against a colored team, and had their hands full. They could not hit the pitching, and some of them "got after" their opponents, who responded with good-natured ridicule of the champs. Tinker was trying a little "goat getting," and the mascot of the team, a black little fellow, was laughing at him. Tinker thoughtlessly turned and called him "nigger." At that moment one of the negro players stepped up and said, very quietly:

"Mister Tinker, that child that you call 'nigger' is my wife's baby." He said it with such feeling and earnestness that Tinker, in a flash, was ashamed, and turning he grasped the man's hand and said: "I'm sorry I said that." Tinker tells the story himself, and adds that his respect for colored men has been greater since that time than ever before.

POOOR Buckner, good-natured, jolly, was the butt of many a joke among the players. His brother, Bill Buckner, who was trainer of Major Taylor, the bicycle champion, who helped train Fitzsimmons, Jeffries and other fighters and who was or years trainer of the Chicago White Sox, had a host of yarns about Buck. He told of a tailor who offered a suit of clothes for a home run. Buck hit the home run and got the suit. The day the suit was delivered he donned it and the team went to Milwaukee. The suit was black and white in checkerboards an inch square, and calculated to dazzle the dusky damsels, so, in the parade Buck insisted on riding with the driver on the seat of the carriage. On the way to the park they were caught in a sudden shower and Buck was drenched to the skin. He sat in the club house drying his new clothes while the other players put on their uniforms and went to the field. At game time Buck was missing. A hasty search was made and he was discovered almost dead in his locker. The suit had shrunk so rapidly it was choking him to death and they had to cut it off him to save his life.

THERE were negro players in the big leagues years ago, but the line was drawn, Darnell, a great catcher, worked in the big leagues in the olden days. Toledo once had a colored man who was declared by many to be the greatest catcher of the time and greater even than his contemporary, Buck Ewing. Tony Mullane, than whom no pitcher ever had more speed, was pitching for Toledo, and he did not like to be the battery partner of a negro.

"I had it in for him," Tony admitted years later. "He was the best catcher I ever worked with, but I disliked a negro, and whenever I had to pitch to him I used to pitch anything I wanted without looking at his signals. One day he signalled me for a curve and I shot a fast ball at him. He caught it and walked down to me. 'Mr. Mullane,' he said, 'I'll catch you without signals, but I won't catch you if you are going to cross me when I give you a signal.' And all the rest of that season he caught me and caught anything I pitched without knowing what was coming."

from the Stockholm story about the match race proposed by Englishmen who offered to back Patching, the South African star, against Drew. The latter, it will be remembered, broke down a few days before the games and did not compete.

"Tell you what I'll do," said Murphy to the Englishmen. "You take Patching to London, and I'll take Drew. Five weeks from today we'll race 'em 100 yards, and I'll bet \$5000 on Drew. I'll put the money up now if you say so." That ended the talk about Patching and Drew.

Other Negro Stars

COLORED athletes have been able to do more than run. General Pershing thinks they are great fighters. And some of the ring's greatest performers have been colored men, including Peter Jackson, George Dixon, Joe Gans, Joe Wolcott, Sam Langford and Jack Johnson. Practically all of those named were exceptional defensive boxers, probably because of fear of punishment, seemingly a trait of the race.

Besides the runners and boxers, there have been some diamond stars. Chicago, New York and other cities on the other side of the Mason-Dixon line have had teams and individuals that compared favorably with the major leaguers. New Orleans has a colored golf professional, probably the only one in the world. And so it goes through the sport realm.

No Black Wrestlers

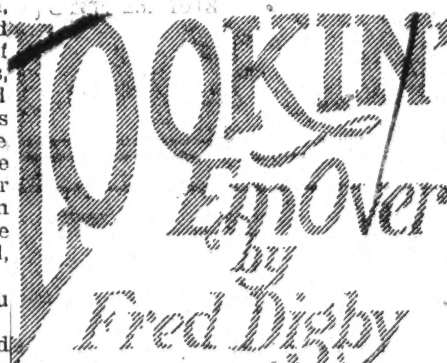
THERE is one sport, however, in which the colored athlete has not ventured or met with any degree of success. This sport is wrestling. Pic Avegno, the best amateur wrestler ever developed in the south, was telling us the other day about a dream he had on this very subject. Pic, in his dream, was wrestling before a vast audience and after throwing his opponent someone in the gallery asked: "Why did you take up wrestling instead of boxing?" And Avegno's dream-answer was: "Because there aren't any colored wrestlers."

Pic says he had never thought of this before, but since the dream he has been unable to find anyone who has seen or heard of a colored wrestler. Nor can anyone tell him why there has never been any. Maybe it is because the average colored "fan" could never learn to pronounce the names of the imported Greek, Turk and Russian "Beef Trusts."

Howard P. Drew Springs Another Surprise in the Athletic World

Colored Sprinter Wins Both the 100 and 220 Yard Dashes in Western Meet Held Last Saturday

Chicago, June 8.—After an absence of twelve years, the University of Michigan staged a sensational "come-



Mistah Dismond Did It

BILL COKER has called us to time on the statement that Long, Meredith and Shea were the only quarter-milers who have beaten 48 seconds. Binga Dismond, the University of Chicago colored sprinter, turned the trick, says Bill. After digging into the record books we find that Dismond not only beat 18 seconds but is joint holder of the world's record of 47 2-5 seconds.

Dismond performed the feat at the Intercollegiate Conference games in June, 1916. Meredith set the record the previous season. The pair have met on several occasions indoors, but only once on the cinders. Coker witnessed the latter race at the San Francisco games and says that Ted won with a tremendous burst of speed near the end. Dismond having led from the gun.

Murphy's Tribute to Drew

THE Chicago star has since dropped out of competition, probably to shoulder a gun. His track career was a brief one, and he didn't get near the publicity accorded John Taylor and Howard Drew. Taylor represented the University of Pennsylvania, won A. U. and college titles and also competed in the Olympics at London. He later died of pneumonia. Drew is still competing.

Mike Murphy, America's greatest athletic coach, considered Drew one of the greatest 100-yard men of all time. How much Mike thought of the colored boy can be gleaned

back" in the Western Conference out-in competition to an extent that led door track and field championships to reports that his sprinting days were decided on Stag Field this afternoon. Each time he has refuted these statements by returning to the cinder path and startling the athletic world with brilliant performances and victories.

The University of Illinois was second with 26 points and Missouri, regarded as the favorite, was third with 24. Chicago piled up 18, Wisconsin 13½, Minnesota 12½ and Drake and Notre Dame 11 points each.

Every one of the sixteen teams which entered scored some points. The balance of the points were split up as follows: Purdue 19, North western 5, De Pauw 5, Kansas 4½, Indiana 4, Ohio State 2, Ames 1 and the American School of Osteopathy 1. Carl Johnson, 19 year old crack the negro clubs toured everywhere, and from Spokane, Wash., running under the colors of Michigan, was the individual star of the meet, with victories to his credit in the 120 and 220 yard hurdles and the running broad jump. He broke a conference record in the last named event by jumping 23 feet 11½ inches. The former record, 23 feet 9¾ inches, was made by Stiles of Wisconsin in 1915.

Howard Drew, the world famous sprinter from Drake University of Des Moines, caused a surprise by defeating Scholz of the University of Missouri in the 100 and 220 yard dashes. Drew won the century by a yard and in the 220 yard event breast the tape three yards ahead of Collier of Indiana, who was a yard ahead of Scholz.

The meet attracted a crowd of 5,000 persons, the largest that has witnessed a track meet in Chicago in years.

DREW SHOWS HE IS "THERE."
New York, June 16, 1918.—The remarkable athletic "comeback" of Howard Drew, the Negro sprinter running in the colors of Drake University, at the recent championship meet of the Conference colleges, is undoubtedly the outstanding feature of the intercollegiate track season. By winning both the 100 and 220 yard dashes from the fastest fields that the middle western colleges could boast, Drew demonstrated that his victories were not due to either accident or lack of formidable opponents. If any further proof were needed, the time would amply attest the high standard of Drew's sprinting as he ran the 100 in 10 seconds flat and the 220 in 22 2-5 seconds.

When it is taken into consideration that Drew is 28 years of age and has been competing for 13 years, during which time he has won numerous victories and equalled world's record time in both these events, it can be seen that his latest triumphs are little short of athletic marvels. Born in Lexington, Va., June 28, 1890, Drew began his track career at the age of 15, and twice since that date has broken down

Lewis, formerly a representative of the Wendell Phillip High School in Chicago, was a member of the University of Chicago relay team which won the four mile relay. His ability to outdistance his opponent enabled the Chicago team to obtain a lead, which they held for the remainder of the race.

NEGROES MAY BOX WHITES

Commissioners Eliminate Rule Prohibiting Mixed Bouts

Mixed bouts will hereafter be allowed under the supervision of the New Jersey Athletic Commission, which has full power over boxing in New Jersey. This action was taken yesterday at the meeting of the ring solons at the State House.

Negroes of North Jersey have been protesting for several weeks concerning their elimination in bouts against white boxers and so much pressure was brought to bear, together with the revelation that the rule that barred the dusky fighters from participation in bouts with whites was unjust, that Chairman Smith took the matter up seriously and had the rule eliminated from the regulations covering the sport. It will now be up to the promoters as to whether or not negro boxers will be billed with white performers.

No applications for club licenses of the 440-yard national record, were considered yesterday, but it was announced that all those in the hands of the commissioners will be acted upon next Tuesday.

Contestants in preliminary bouts will not be compelled to weigh in preceding exhibitions until 8 o'clock at night but contestants in main bouts must get on the scales to weigh in at 3 p. m. One of the rules of the commission was changed in order not to affect the preliminary fighters the same as the men in the principal exhibitions.

Whether or not bouts will be permitted at the Newark Veldrome which are being opposed by the Vailsburg Improvement Association on the ground that the crowds at the exhibition would cause congestions on the trolley lines and cause a depreciation in the value of property, will be decided at a meeting of the commission, at the state house next Tuesday, while similar action will be taken in the matter of the protest of officials of Weehawken against exhibitions at the Troxler Riding academy there.

Applications for more than a dozen permits from eight clubs in various parts of the state are in the hands of the commission, and President John S. Smith, announced that action will

be taken on the applications on Tuesday.

A public hearing will be held June 19, at the state house, at which time boxers who have been disciplined by the commission will be given a chance to defend themselves. Two were put out of the ring at the Eastern A. C., of Long Island Branch Memorial Day, because the referee did not believe they were putting forth their best efforts. They were Al Derose and Young Dundee. "Fighting Joe" Moran, of New York, will be summoned to explain his sudden disappearance from Turnbull auditorium in Newark, May 24. Eddie Wagons and Joe Borrell, of Philadelphia, will be up on the carpets on charges of failing to fulfill contractual obligations.

CHICAGO MAN GIVES THAT AMOUNT TO DEFRAY EXPENSES OF SIX BEST SERVICE ATHLETES IN A. A. U. MEET.

Warren Wright of Chicago last night gave \$1000 to defray the expenses of six of the best athletes now in the military or naval service to the national A. A. U. outdoor track and field championships to be held at the Great lakes naval training station the 20th, 21st and 23d. This amount is independent of the \$3000 given by the Chicago athletic association for the same purpose.

Martin A. Delaney, athletic director of the Chicago A. A., under whose auspices the national games will be staged, was appointed to make the selections. He named Clinton Larson of the Brigham Young university, national champion jumper, now stationed at Kelly field, San Antonio, Tex.; W. H. Meanix of Boston, holder of the 440-yard national record, stationed at Camp Zachary Taylor; F. J. Shea of the university of Pittsburgh all-American quarter-miler, stationed at Boston; Joe Stout, the former university of Chicago runner, stationed at Carruthers field, Fort Worth, Tex. and Howard Drew, the Negro sprinter, joint holder of the world's 100-yard record. Drew is at Camp Dodge Des Moines, Ia. A sixth man will be selected from an eastern camp. These men will compete under the colors of their respective camps.

The entry list will close next Saturday with every prospect of a record-breaking list. Justice Bartow, Supreme Court has been named referee of the meet.

Grant broke into the white ranks at Meriden in 1886. Meriden was then an Eastern league town, which dropped out before the close of the season. The negro lad finished the season with the Buffalo team, also of the Eastern league. He played four years with the Buffalo team, the so-called "Colored Outlaw," and was regarded as the equal of any second baseman in the country. In 1891 he was with the Harrisburg team of the Pennsylvania State league. Then he dropped out and the game saw the last of the negro.

The Daily Herald June 19/18
All-American Selections
After reviewing the season, Mr. Camp names some of the stars of the intercollegiate season and his all-American team can be guessed from the names mentioned first. It would follow:

Ends—Robeson, Rutgers, and Weeks, Brown.
Tackles—Henry, Washington, and Jefferson, and Hauser, Minnesota.
Guards—Lies, Pittsburgh, and Rollins Rutgers.
Centre—Bailey, West Virginia.
Quarterback—Bell, Pennsylvania, with Boynton, Williams, second.
Backs—Guyon, Georgia Tech.; McLaren, Pittsburgh, and Berry, Pennsylvania.

NEGRO STAR OF ROCKIES IN MEET

Denver, Colo., Sept. 19.—[Special.]—Many sport enthusiasts in this section believe that Lee Umble, the young Negro runner, who will compete at the National A. A. U. championships at Great Lakes Naval Training station, will prove one of the sensations of the big event.

Umbel will wear the colors of Colorado university of Boulder. He first came into notice as a long distance runner last June by running a close second in a ten mile marathon to Ted Johnson, the west's champion runner.

MARCH 30, 1918
NEGRO LEADS KNOX TEAM.

GALESBURG, ILL., March 30.—Adolph (Ziggy) Hamblin, a mulatto, is the new captain of the Knox college baseball team. Hamblin was the only letter baseball man left in college when coach Westphal called for candidates. Every other member of the team is with the colors.

The athletic board of control appointed Hamblin not only because of his "K" standing, but because he is the best ball player in college. Hamblin had made letters since his freshman year in football, basketball, track and baseball.

JUNE 12, 1918
Western papers are still giving much space to the victory of Howard Drew, the colored athlete. "For an athlete to be in the game so many years, during which he was laid up for one year, and to come back and beat the best of them is a feat to feel proud of," says one expert.

Lompkins Square Boys Win Playground Athletic Championship

N.Y. C. Herald Sept. 3/18



ROUNDING the TURN
in 440 YARD A.A.U.
RUN at CHELSEA PARK.

C-KABALITZ, WINNING
100 YARD DASH at
CHELSEA PARK

King Alfonso Gives Permission to Hold Bout in the Royal Gymnasium

The Chicago Tribune
London, Eng., Dec. 13.—Jack Johnson, heavyweight champion of the world, according to information received here from Barcelona, Spain, will have a bout with Rocky Flynn of Jim Savage. Jack says that King Alfonso has given permission for the bout to be held at the Royal gymnasium at Barcelona. Johnson cabled that he had been in training for some time while managing the Royal gymnasium. He is in fine condition and his health is perfect. N. T. Booker, Anglo-American baseball promoter, will arrange the bout. Jack Johnson

Morris Harris, 1 round. Won, Black Bill, 2 rounds. Lost, Marvin Hart, 2 rounds. Won on foul, Sandy Ferguson, 6 rounds. Lost on foul, Joe Jeanette, 2 rounds. No decision, Joe Jeanette, 3 rounds; Jack Munroe, 6 rounds; Black Bill, 3 rounds; Joe Grim, 17 rounds; Joe Jeanette, 6 rounds. Draw Young Peter Jackson, 12 rounds.
1906—Knockout, Charley Haghey, 1 round. Won, Joe Jeanette, 6 rounds; Sam Langford, 15. No decision, Joe Jeanette, 6 rounds; Jim Jeffords, 6 rounds. Draw, Billy Dunning, 10 rounds; Joe Jeanette, 10 rounds.
1907—Knockout, Peter Felix, 1 round; J. Lang, 9 rounds; Charley Cutler, 1 round; Jim Flynn, 11 rounds. Won, Bob Fitzsimmons, 2 rounds. No decision, Sailor Burke, 6 rounds.
1908—Won, Tommy Burns, 14 rounds.

is anxious to meet Jess Willard. The 1905—Knockout, Jim Jeffords, in 4 fight may be staged some time after rounds; Walter Johnson, 3 rounds; the holidays. Already reservations are being sent to Barcelona. Betting has begun in favor of Johnson. "Jack" cision, Philadelphia, 6 rounds; June 30, sent a telegram to "Tenan" Jones, Chi Tony Ross, no decision, Philadelphia, 6 cago, his old pal, that if he fights rounds; Sept. 9, Al Kaufman, no de tell the "Stroll" that he will "bring cision, San Francisco, 10 rounds; Oct 16, Stanley Ketchel, knockout, Colma 12 rounds.

Jack Johnson's Record

1901—Knockout, Horace Miles, in 4 rounds. Won, John Lee, 15 rounds; Charley Brooks, 2 rounds; Jack McCormick, 7 rounds; Jack McCormick, 7 rounds. Draw, Klondyke, 20 rounds. Knocked out by Joe Choynski, Galveston, Tex., Feb. 25, 3 rounds.
1902—Knockout, Dan Murphy, 10 rounds; Ed Johnson, 4 rounds; Joe Kennedy, 4 rounds; Jack Jeffries, 17 rounds; Klondyke, 13 rounds. Won, Bobo White, 15 rounds, Jim Scanlan, 17 rounds; Pete Everett, 20 rounds; Frank Childs, 6 rounds; Hank Griffen, 15 rounds; Hank Griffen, 20 rounds; Billy Stiff, 10 rounds.
1903—Knockout, Joe Butler, in 3 rounds. Won, Denver Ed Martin, 20 rounds; Sam Vey, 20 rounds; Sandy Ferguson, 10 rounds; Sam McVey, 20 rounds; Sandy Ferguson, 20 rounds. No decision, Sandy Ferguson, 6 rounds.
1904—Sam McVey, 20 rounds, Ed Martin, 2 rounds. Won, Frank Childs, 6 rounds. No decision, Black Bill, 6 rounds.
1910—July 4, Jim Jeffries, knockout, Reno, Nev., 15 rounds.
1912—July 4, Jim Flynn, won, Las Vegas, 9 rounds.
1913—Dec. 19, Battling Jim Johnson, draw, Paris, France, 10 rounds.
1914—June 27, Frank Moran, won, Paris, France, 20 rounds.
1915—April 3, Sam McVey, exhibition, Havana, 6 rounds. April 5, Jess Willard, knockout by, Havana, 26 rounds.
1916—March 10, Frank Crozier, won, Madrid. March 25, Arthur Gruhan, knockout, Madrid, 11 rounds.
Now a Lieutenant.
Binga Dismond, the negro short distance runner who several years ago represented the Loughlin Lyceum of Brooklyn and who recently attended Chicago University, is now first Lieutenant in the Colored Illinois Infantry. Dismond, at the 1916 Conference championships, won the

quarter mile in the world's record time of 47.2-5 seconds. The race was run around one turn on a quarter mile track. Ted Meredith the week previous made exactly the same time at the Eastern Intercollegiate. The mark of Dismond's was made over the 18 inch curb measurement which, while official in the Conference competitions, does not comply to the A. A. U. and the Eastern Intercollegiate Association rules, therefore, it was not acceptable as a standard record and is not classified in the A. A. U. record book.

JOE JEANNETTE OFFERS TO BOX JESS OR JACK

Negro Heavyweight Would Meet

Either Willard or Dempsey for United War Work Cause—His Suggestion Merits Serious Consideration.

By WALTER ST. DENIS.

It takes two to make a fight. 'Tis a trite but true statement of fact. For instance:

During the week of Nov. 11 to 18 throughout the country will be staged a number of boxing contests in aid of the United War Work campaign funds. In every centre in the land where the sport of the gloves obtains, yes, and even in places where it is under the ban of law, boxers will pummel and pound each other for the purpose of raising funds with which the organizations interested may continue their noble work of making the world safe for democracy and civilized peoples.

James W. Coffroth, of nation-wide fame as a promoter of boxing events par excellence, is the national director and supervisor of everything of a pugilistic nature that takes place during the week. He is planning to make the period a most eventful one in Queensberry history. It is to be expected that all the American boxers who hold championships in the various classes will defend their crowns in furtherance of the cause.

Here in the east, particularly in the local section, chief interest just at present centres in Jess Willard, the heavyweight champion, who is not working at it. The fans are curious to learn whether the conqueror of Jack Johnson, and the Hero of Havana, will emerge from his retirement and engage in an affair de fisticuffs for purely patriotic reasons. Coffroth is sanguine that Willard will see this his duty and agree to box somebody somewhere.

If Willard does step forth, the next interest-commanding feature of his act will be the naming of an opponent for him. As things stand, now there is but one logical opponent for him. He is Jack Dempsey. Circumstances, however, might prevent such a match. It is generally admitted that Dempsey is the one man best qualified and justified in contesting Willard's possession of the heavyweight title, but the latter might object to meeting him.

Viewing it fairly, Willard would have every good reason for such a stand. The big fellow is none too popular, and his defeat by any half-way good man would no doubt be welcomed by the run-of-the-mine fans. Still, that wish should not cloud one's sense of justice.

Willard is not in shape to defend his hard earned laurels. Since he defeated Johnson, which was in April, 1915, he has had but one fight. That was more than two years ago. In March, 1916, he met Frank Moran in their memorable match in Madison Square Garden. After a three-year lay-off neither Willard nor any other boxer could be expected to get in

shape for a hard fight by the middle of November.

This, superficially, would prevent a Willard-Dempsey match just at this time. Willard, no doubt, and according to the latest advices at hand he might have expressed his willingness to do so, will lend his assistance to the cause. But if he isn't pitted against Dempsey who else is there that would make a good opponent for him? Whom could he be matched with with the assurance that the meeting would be a "fight"?

Dan McKettrick comes forth with a suggestion that carries a lot of weight and furnishes Director Coffroth with a solution of the problem. More properly it should be said that the suggestion carries the signature of Joe Jeannette, the crack Negro heavyweight, but those "in the know" can see in it the fine and delicate hand of Chevalier Daniel, his manager. Here is the letter:

Will you permit me to offer a suggestion which, I believe, if carried out, will add a good many thousand dollars to the United War Work Council Fund?

I have offered to fight gratis any of the leading heavyweights for any war charity. I now propose to request James W. Coffroth to match me with Jack Dempsey or Jess Willard. They cannot honestly advance the worn-out excuse of the "color line," for the money earned for this fight will be used by these wonderful organizations to help, amuse and succor our gallant fighters, irrespective of race, color, or creed.

The fact that I am supremely confident of beating Willard or Dempsey is not my reason for wanting to meet them. They may claim that I want a chance to win the world's championship. That title means nothing to me. I am so sure of beating either of this pair that I will sign an agreement to immediately retire and turn over the championship to the United States army and navy with the understanding that they can offer the title to be fought for between men in the service, for that is where the heavyweight championship of the world rightly belongs. They are the real fighters—we of the padded mitts are more or less boxers.

Willard won his title from a colored man—one whom I never had any personal or physical regard for. Jack Johnson admitted in Paris that he would not fight me, as he wanted to be the only colored man to be the world's champion. I never was hysterical over Willard's ability. "champion" who could not beat Frank Moran decisively was a poor champion. As for Dempsey—he may be a great fighter. However, I have noticed in the papers where he repudiated two matches with one Kid Norfolk, whom I have twice defeated.

I would like to get some action on this, for I shortly go on the road for the Commission on Training Camp Activities. My duties will take me to the various camps, where I am to instruct and have charge of the colored troops' physical welfare.

My challenge to Willard and Dempsey is for a fight for a good cause, and it can be staged for eight, ten, twenty rounds, or to a finish.

JOE JEANNETTE.

'Tis a good idea. Jeannette, it is true, may not be the man he once was, but he very recently has given conclusive evidence of the fact that he is far from being a "dead one." To the contrary, Joe Jeannette, despite the fact that he has long since passed the usual maximum age of pugilistic usefulness, still is quite a factor in the heavyweight division. And if our personal opinion were asked we would not hesitate to say that barring a Willard-Dempsey bout,

which, as we have explained seems to be out of the question just at this time for the reasons set forth, a contest between Jeannette and either Willard or Dempsey would be a mighty fine attraction. He would give either one or both of these men as keen or a keener contest than any other man that could be selected. He would be a corking "trial horse" if nothing else. He would "make a fight" against either one.

Colored Football Star to Play at Ebbets Field

BROOKLYN N. Y. RAGLE

NOVEMBER 12, 1918

GREAT LAKES Naval Station, which is coming East to play football in connection with the United War Work Fund, has agreed to meet Rutgers at Ebbets Field on Saturday afternoon. The game promises to be exceptionally interesting, as Great Lakes has a remarkable team and Rutgers is an aggregation able to hold its own with any other in the country.

The announcement of the game comes as a big surprise to the followers of college football. Not a word had been heard about the match until it was announced yesterday by William Roper, manager of the football end of the campaign. The Great Lakes team is to arrive East on Friday. Its management stated that it was perfectly willing to play on Saturday.

At first it was suggested that a double-header should be arranged for the Polo Grounds, where Princeton and Camp Upton are scheduled to play on Saturday. Finally, it was decided to give Brooklyn a look-in at helping the fund. The management of Ebbets Field was willing to help along the scheme and the game was officially announced.

The contest will surely create no end of interest. Last year, Rutgers played the Newport Naval Reserves at Ebbets Field and the game not only drew a large crowd but it also was most spectacular. The feature was the play of Paul LeRoy Robeson, the big colored end of the Rutgers team. Robeson is scheduled to play on Saturday. The colored lad is without doubt one of the greatest football players that has ever been developed in the country.

Robeson comes from Somerville, N. J. He is the son of a Methodist minister. When he first entered college, George Foster Sanford, head coach of the team, decided that the big colored lad would make an ideal linesman. In 1916 he was left tackle of the varsity team. Robeson exhibited such speed and cleverness in intercepting forwards that he soon was lifted to end, a berth that he has held down for several seasons.

The colored footballer is 20 years of age. He stands 6 feet 3 inches in height, weighs 210 pounds. He is a senior at college and is exceedingly popular both with the faculty members and his fellow students. Robeson is a good speaker, having won two prizes for oratory while at Rutgers. He made the varsity debating team in his freshman year.

DEMPSEY NOW OPPOSED TO MEETING NEGROES

N. Y. C. GLOBE

NOVEMBER 19, 1918

By DAN LYONS.

Whatever chances the Negro heavyweights may have had of ever inducing Jack Dempsey to meet them in competition they sacrificed by their disgraceful, disgusting, and deplorable attempt to flim-flam him in Madison Square Garden the other night. Just before leaving for Philadelphia to keep his engagement with Dan (Porky) Flynn there last night Dempsey vowed that so long as he remains a factor in the Queensberry ring under no circumstances will he permit himself to be matched with a Negro.

Those who directed the coup that went wrong may argue that Dempsey always intended to give the dusky warriors a wide berth. That is untrue. Dempsey himself has never drawn the color line. It is his manager, Jack Kearns, who objected all along to such contests. Between the two Jacks exists a bond stronger than the usual ties between a fighter and a manager. Boxer Jack Kearns relies entirely upon the judgment of his Manager Jack. He has told the writer often that if Kearns does not deem it advisable for him to fight a Negro, then he won't; that he defers to his opinion.

Until the Joe Jeannette-Kid Norfolk combination pulled that villainous "frame-up" in the Garden—for that is just exactly what it was—there was a possibility of persuading Kearns to withdraw his objection to matching his man against a colored battler. Kearns had gone on record with a statement that if the public demanded such a contest he would agree to it.

Now it is Dempsey and not Kearns who is refusing to consent to a "mixed" bout. Kearns no doubt entertains the same views he always held. Maybe he doesn't. In any event, Dempsey has changed his mind in the matter, and changing it removes absolutely any chance there might have been of Jeanette, Norfolk, Harry Wills, Sam Langford, and the rest of the tribe enriching themselves through him. "I'm off the Negroes for life," declared Dempsey. "They'll never make a penny through me. Many schemes have been worked to 'cross' a fighter in the past, but I doubt whether any of them was as raw as this one."

"Perhaps some people will accuse me of adopting safety first tactics in refusing to box a colored man. They are entitled to their opinion, but I don't think that any sane person with an atom of sportsmanship in his make-up will do so. Certainly such an opinion is not justified by facts. "Who is there in the entire colored heavyweight division that I have to fear? Jeanette was a good man in his day, but he has long since passed that day. He has gone back. He has put up a couple of fair fights lately with Kid Norfolk, but that is the tip-off on Norfolk. He is just a rough, bruising fighter. What his claims to fame are I cannot discover. Langford flattened him."

"Wills is about the best of the black boys, but old Langford toppled him over, too. The colored heavyweight class is all shot to pieces. As for Langford, he also is another has-been. Fred Fulton knocked him out. I knocked out Fred Fulton."

"I suppose I could pick up some money by fighting those fellows, but I'd sacrifice that money now rather than give them the opportunity of making any through me after what they tried to pull off. I suppose, too, that when they hear that they will propose to fight me, 'winner take all.' But that will be just a cheap play to the gallery for publicity; just as was their act in the Garden. They can keep on boxing among themselves for a few hundred dollars a fight. I'll never give them

That just about cooks the goose for Messrs. Jeanette, Norfolk, Wills, Langford, et al. The trick attempted against Dempsey has reacted against them.

THE AFFAIR in the Garden Saturday night still is the one big topic in sporting circles, and it probably will continue to be for some time to come. There are some who hold to the opinion that Dempsey, for the good of the game, should have consented to box Jeanette. No doubt Dempsey would have benefited the sport by doing so, but at the same time he would have shown lack of character and principle. That was what withheld him from meeting the Negro, not fear. Dempsey was game enough to stand by his principles, despite the criticism of those who did not view the situation dispassionately.

THE MOST SURPRISING thing about the whole thing was that Jeanette permitted himself to be used as a principal relays entirely upon the judgment of his Manager Jack. He has long commanded the deepest respect of all who knew him. He was a shining example of all that is upright in a sport which it is constantly being proven has altogether too few men such as he. Jeanette's action was ill-advised, to say the least. He is always been a real man and a thorough-going sportsman. That he should take a party to such a cowardly attempt to discredit a fellow sportsman is discrediting.



PAUL LE ROY ROBESON

MASTERSON'S VIEWS ON TIMELY TOPICS

N. Y. C. TELEGRAPH
DECEMBER 10, 1918

By W. B. ("BAT") MASTERSON.

SNOWY BAKER, while he was in this country, wrote a series of interesting articles on prizefighting and athletic sports generally, which were published by Los Angeles newspapers. Mr. Baker is a skilful athlete himself and has perhaps given as much diligent study to all forms of athletic sports as any man now living.

In writing about the aboriginal athletes of Australia who achieved fame in sportdom, Mr. Baker asserts that one of the best runners Australia ever produced was Charlie Samuels, who ran one hundred yards in 9.3-5 seconds in a correctly timed race. Samuels even was credited with having covered the distance in 9.2-5 seconds and many times clearly demonstrated that he far outclassed the speediest sprinters ever developed in the antipodes in his time.

But after he had met and defeated all the fastest men that could be found to compete against him, Samuels returned to the Bush and spent his remaining days in true aboriginal style. He couldn't resist the call of the wild.

Another wonderful aboriginal, who came after Samuels's time, was Jack Marsh, a full-blooded Bushman. Jack was the best cricketer and fastest bowler of his day. He also is credited with having run one hundred yards in nine seconds flat, beating Samuels's time by three-fifths of a second. But the most noted of the aboriginal ring men—and there were quite a few of them at different times in Australia—was Jerry Jerome, a typical Bushman in all the term implies.

Jerome was bow-legged and when walking shuffled along on his toes, after the fashion of the American Indian. His head and face bore a striking resemblance to the monkey. However, all who knew him personally say that he was a very gentlemanly sort of a man, who had a kindly disposition and was easy to get along with.

Jerome knew nothing about the art of training and invariably fought all his battles right off the reel without any preparation whatever.

Mr. Baker gives the following sketch of this wonderful ring man, a genuine Bushman in all respects:

"Jerry Jerome, the aboriginal boxer, I stacked against such champions as McGoorty, Clabby, Dave Smith and Darcy, and remember he fought these miff artists when he was forty years o'd. He was a remarkably versatile athlete. He could run a good 440, could cover his 100 yards in 10.1-5 and was near the six foot mark in the high jump.

"He could throw a spear and boomerang with the best. No rough horse that a saddle would stay on could throw him. Without a day's training he boxed three twenty-round 'goes' in one week. This is an untrained native of forty years who was never taught a thing, being just a natural-born athlete.

"Fortunately, the Australian negro always knows his place and never gets fresh. They are not a good race physically, although there are many exceptions. They are invariably of agile build, being broad chested and slim of waist and limb. As a race, they are naturally athletic, with a remarkably keen eye, and if gotten out of their lazy state and sufficiently interested to practice, will become proficient in any form of athletics they fancy."

Negroes, as a rule, whether Bushmen of Australia or civilized like those of this country, have been wonderful ring men. It is indeed doubtful if the white race ever produced as many formidable glove men as the black race according to its numerical strength. Peter Jackson was without doubt the foremost heavyweight of his time. Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Joe Jeannette and Sam McVea were all great fighters when in their prime. The white heavyweight division could not justly boast of outclassing this quartette of negro heavyweights.

As a welterweight, who could beat Joe Wolcott when he was out to win? The best in the white division couldn't do it, and there were many topnotch white welters when the Barbadoes black was at the top of his fighting form.

And look at Joe Gans and Little Chocolate, George Dixon, when they were in their prime. Both stood head and shoulders above the whites in either class. And now we have Harry Wills, the New Orleans negro heavyweight, who is a veritable nightmare to all the white heavies in the business. Yes, the negro race has furnished a most formidable array of ring talent for many years and in all probability will continue to do so for many more years to come.

And on the battlefield, what soldiers have fought more valiantly and with greater courage and determination than the black men? None, is the answer.

The six-day bicycle race, which closed at Madison Square Garden Saturday night, was a tremendous success, financially and otherwise. Everything went off as scheduled, except the retirement of Frank Kramer, who chucked it after going seventy-six hours. Kramer, when he entered the tournament just closed, was

regarded by the fans of this sort of sport as a real champion. He had, in years past, won great fame as a bicycle rider and many thought that, barring accident, he surely would win first money at this meet.

But as Kramer said after quitting: "I couldn't continue without punishing myself to such an extent as to put me out of the game for all time, and that I couldn't afford to do." Kramer expects to continue as a bicycle rider and is in hopes of winning greater fame than ever before in his career.

After the success scored at this last meet, Jimmy Johnston, the promoter, will be a stronger believer in astrology than ever. From now on he'll be a Sagittarius for fair.

The Herald, on the fifth of this month, published the following paragraph as an up-to-the-minute news item:

"Tex Rickard, formerly a promoter of pugilistic enterprises and a ranchman in Paraguay, S. A., expects to come to New York this month and will bring with him a panther which he captured in the swamps on his land. Dr. Donald Frothingham, of Boston, mining expert, who has passed several months in South American countries, made a reservation for Mr. Rickard and his panther at the Waldorf-Astoria yesterday."

That certainly is a bit of up-to-the-minute news. The fact is, Mr. Rickard had been registered at the Biltmore Hotel for fully three weeks before the Herald published its very important news item. Not only that, but Mr. Ashby Deering, of The Morning Telegraph staff, had a two-column interview with Mr. Rickard, which appeared in The Morning Telegraph a day or two after his arrival in New York, telling all about the panther.

It is quite evident from this that the Herald still is in a chronic state of lethargy.

Willie Meehan, who was in Philadelphia last week, told Al Lippe, so the latter says, that he could beat Jack Dempsey every night in the week.

"Dempsey is the softest thing in the fighting line I ever tackled," is what Mr. Lippe asserts Meehan told him. In talking about his last four-round bout with Dempsey at San Francisco, Meehan said that he actually made Dempsey quit fighting in the last round and felt sure that if the contest had been for ten rounds he would have scored by a knockout. That appears to us like a strong statement to make unless there were something to justify it.

But that isn't all Meehan told Al Lippe. He said the worst beating he ever received in all his career in the ring was administered by Fred Fulton in their four-round bout. "I couldn't fight that big guy at all," Meehan said, "for I was unable to get near him. He just jabbed me drunk every round, no matter how I covered up, and maybe you think I wasn't glad when that last bell sounded."

We have in the foregoing paragraph quoted Mr. Lippe verbatim, according to our recollection of the conversation, and we are quite sure Mr. Lippe neither exaggerated nor misrepresented what Willie Meehan said to him. At all events, Dempsey should at least try to get on another bout with Willie and demonstrate, if he can, that Meehan is talking through his hat.

And speaking of Jack Dempsey reminds us that Tom Andrews, the Milwaukee fistic impresario and sporting authority, had something to say about him and Billy Miske in one of his recent articles on the doings of the prizefighting. Mr. Andrews expresses himself as follows:

"The claim made some time ago that Billy Miske would never face Jack Dempsey in the ring again was shattered Thanksgiving afternoon at Philadelphia, when the two met in a six-round bout, the submarine being given the popular verdict. The battle was nothing to rave about, according to all reports, there being only occasional bursts of speed by either man during the six rounds. Miske was there smiling at the finish and immediately wanted to meet the challenger of Jess Willard again.

"If these two boys really want to settle the question of supremacy between them it is a very easy matter. Dominick Tortorich of New Orleans has offered them a nice big percentage to fight twenty rounds there during the race meeting, which is surely a long enough distance to permit of a decision and probable knockout. Why not have a marathon, which would assure a decision battle, for a change?"

We have been reliably informed that it was Chairman Smith, of the New Jersey Boxing Commission, who ordered the referee of the Clay Turner-Bartley Madden bout to stop the fiasco and send the principals out of the ring. Mr. Smith, if we have him sized up right, is just the sort of a man who would do that very thing if he were present when a pair of fighters were handing out the hanky-panky stuff.

As we got the story, Chairman Smith was occupying a box seat close up to the ring, and at the conclusion of the third round decided that the bout was not being waged on its merits and told the referee to order the men to put a little more pep into their work. This the referee did, but it didn't improve matters, for the fourth session was quite as listless as the third.

It was the same old thing in the fifth, which was too much for Chairman Smith to stand for, whereat he took the bit in his mouth, so to speak, and directed the referee to chase both men out of the ring.

That's the sort of a Boxing Commissioner to have, and when fighters realize that they'll not be allowed to get away with any of their camouflage stuff they'll go on the level or not at all—particularly in New Jersey. Madden has since been suspended for six months, while Turner was exonerated by the New Jersey boxing authorities.

Both men were ordered by the Boxing Commission to appear at Trenton last week for trial on the charge of faking. Turner appeared and his explanation

New Jersey Places Ban on Mixed Bouts

N. Y. C. TELEGRAPH
AUGUST 22, 1918

DESPITE the fact that the New Jersey Athletic Commission, which has charge of boxing affairs in the Skeeter Commonwealth, revoked a rule banning mixed bouts, the Board still is said to be strongly opposed to such contests. It is doubtful if bouts between white pugilists and colored will take place in the future.

The issue recently was brought to a focus when Commissioner Wilfred Cann, who is physical director of the Elizabeth Y. M. C. A., threatened to have the license of a club in West Hoboken revoked for staging a bout between Leo Johnson, the Harlem negro boxer, and a white pugilist named Lyons.

The officials of the club received a note from Cann the night of the bout, informing them that if they went through with the match they would have their license revoked. As it was too late for the club to put on a substitute bout, Johnson and Lyons boxed and now the organization has placed itself at the mercy of the commission.

It is understood that while Commissioners Smith and Crain are inclined to be lenient toward colored boxers, Commissioner Cann is strongly against mixed bouts and will not tolerate them under any circumstances, not even in the preliminary matches.

Both sides of the question have many supporters in New Jersey and it is likely to be brought to an issue very soon.

Johnny Ertle, the St. Paul bantam, is in town with his manager looking for bouts. It is likely that Ertle will appear at one of the New Jersey clubs in the near future.

Ertle is in good condition again, having had a long rest after his knockout at the hands of Dick Loadman, the promising Buffalo bantam. Ertle contends that he had an abscess in his ear the night he boxed Loadman, and that he would have declined to fight if it were not for the fact that he would have disappointed a large gathering of fans. Loadman, he says, soon found out that his ear was sore and continued to hit him there. Finally he was compelled to drop from sheer exhaustion, due to pain. Ertle probably will be given a return match with Loadman in the near future. He has embarked on a new campaign to gain the bantam-weight honors.

The splendid work of Tommy Touhey, the Paterson lightweight, in his contest with Johnny Dundee in Jersey City, has lifted Touhey back into the front rank of American lightweights. Touhey is boxing in better form than ever. His work as boxing instructor of the Knights of Columbus at Camp Dix has helped him to keep in condition.

Benny Leonard and Ted Lewis intend to waste no efforts to be in trim for their title match on September 10 in Newark. Both men are taining hard. They are a bit perturbed over the reports that the match is likely to be a "frame up" and the criticism has spurred them to extra efforts in their work of conditioning.

to the Board was so satisfactory that the case against him was ordered dismissed. Turner had a very bad left hand when he entered the ring, which prevented him from using it effectively, and this accounted for the poor showing he made.

The Boxing Commission decided, after hearing Turner's statement, which was supported by an X-ray picture of the injured hand, that he was not at fault and actually did the best he could in the circumstances. Madden, by not appearing, allowed his case to go by default, resulting in his suspension for six months.

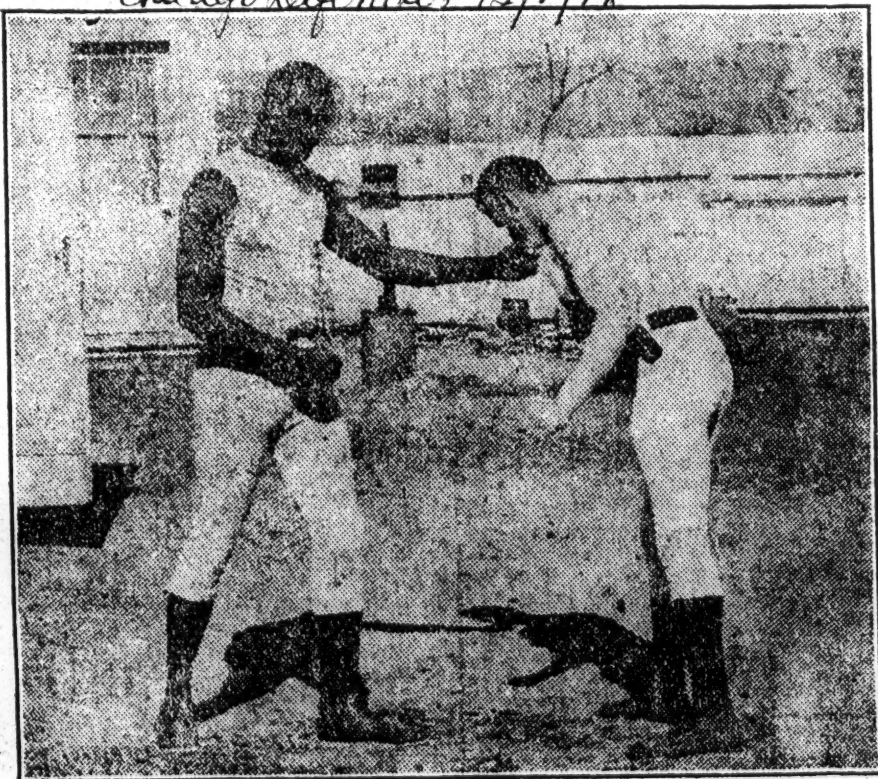
Mat Hinkel, the Cleveland sportsman, arrived in the city yesterday on his way to Providence, R. I., where he served as referee of the Britt-De Foe match in the evening. From Providence Mr. Hinkel will go to Boston and officiate as the third man in the ring for the Tendler-Callahan bout Tuesday night. Wednesday morning Mr. Hinkel will be back in New York on his way home.

As a referee, Mr. Hinkel is recognized all over this country as one of the most efficient ring arbiters in active service at the present time. Club managers and fighters alike seek the services of Mr. Hinkel whenever an important match is arranged. Mr. Hinkel's honesty and fearlessness as a referee have earned him an enviable reputation in pugilistic circles.

Promoters and fighters all look alike to Mr. Hinkel when he is the third man in the ring. No better evidence of his popularity and efficiency is needed than the fact that he is being sent for by Eastern club managers whenever they have an important match scheduled for their clubs.

PETER JACKSON, WHEN HE FOUGHT WITH BARE KNUCKLES

Chicago Defender 12/7/18



Jackson was one of the most highly respected men in the ring. His conduct was that of a gentleman and while a prize pugilist was honored by celebrities of all races.

A FIGHTING MAN, EXILED IN SPAIN, BEGGING TO FIGHT FOR UNCLE SAM.

Jack Johnson, the negro pugilist, who is now in Madrid Spain, a fugitive from justice on white-slavery charges, has written to Congressman La Guardia, of New York, stating he wants to enlist and fight for his country. The letter has been referred to Attorney General Gregory. Johnson is now penitent and should be given a chance to uphold the enviable reputation the negro troops from the United States have earned for their wonderful ability as fighters. They have astonished the Huns by their pluck in charging them in face of a galling fire. Give Johnson an opportunity to enlist and do service for his country, for which he declares he is ready to fight and die.

DAN M'KETRICK PLEADS CAUSE OF JOE JEANNETTE

N.Y.C. GLOBE

NOVEMBER 21, 1918

By DAN LYONS.

It has come at last—the presentation of Joe Jeanette's side of the controversy which was started in Madison Square Garden last Saturday night when the colored heavyweight stepped into the ring against Jack Dempsey as a substitute for Joe Bonds. It's a scorching document, whom he manages. Here it is, if the heat of it does not melt the ink rolls of the presses:

"One moment, please! Drop your barrage of knocks and let us put the camera eye of FACTS on the Dempsey-Jeanette incident. As a member of the committee of newspapermen you helped to pick Joe Bonds (!) to give battle (?) to Jack Dempsey. You boosted, plugged, buncoed the dear public into believing it would be a 'contest.' You committed a false pretense—deliberate, premeditated—far greater than any the district attorney has put people in jail for."

[Here followed a paragraph of personal vituperation which may be eliminated.]

"What is a world's championship fighter?" continued McKetrick. "Is he an ideal, perfect in physique, perfect in courage, peerless in science? Or is he a mountebank, saccharine in heart, seeking to mint his anaemic courage through a selling agency of bunk, bribe and ballyhoo? The white man's hope God save us! If the color of a man's skin instills in him a chill and fear, he ought to evacuate with the boche. We can spare equally as well as the boche any would-be champion who is afraid of any human being carrying two fists."

"I hold a brief for Mr. Jeanette. Did Dempsey decline to fight John Lester Johnson? No! Where is Johnson? And where has Dempsey been? Perhaps he has been detained on his way to France. But not so John Lester Johnson, the Negro he fought twice in New York. Johnson has been in France fighting in the trenches with the Fifteenth Regiment. God save patriotism and Dempsey!"

"Joe Jeanette is a Negro. Abraham Lincoln gave his people freedom. Dempsey and Kearns would shackle him. If Jeanette the Negro is Dempsey's master, let the present crop of 'white hopes' (this way, Dempsey) retire beyond the Rhine. Let us have a real champion who will 'go over the top.' Let Kearns deny that a short time ago he agreed to let Dempsey fight a Negro if the latter agreed to be a 'business man.'"

"Joe Jeanette made no offer to Bonds—did not speak to him. His only aim was to force a decision in public. He chose that method because it was the only means possible to disclose to the public the true calibre of Dempsey and his exploiters."

"Some letter, isn't it? It would be a pity to withhold it. However, Mr. McKetrick is in error in so far as his accusations in the opening paragraph apply to the writer. Except for this we offer it without comment."

In the first place, The Globe did not 'boost, plug, bunco the dear public into believing that it [the Dempsey-Bonds match] would be a 'contest.' Consequently it is not true that 'a false pretense—deliberate, premeditated, and far greater than any the district attorney has put people in jail for' was committed by either The Globe or the writer."

It is true that the writer did serve—at the request of the United War Work campaign committee—as a member of the local committee delegated to arrange a boxing show for the most worthy cause. But it is not true that we 'picked' Bonds as an opponent for Dempsey."

The best we said about the match was that Bonds is a tough bird; that he gave a great exhibition against Jim Coffey in the Knights of Columbus show at Ebbets Field and that he will be better remembered as the man who scored a questionable foul over Carl Morris about a year ago in the Harlem Sporting Club. All of which are facts. Our comment the day before the show was:

Joe Bonds, who also hails from the west, agreed to oppose the conqueror of Fred Fulton, and more recently Battling Levinsky. That is fair enough as far as it goes. Bonds deserves a lot of credit for consenting to meet Dempsey. It is almost a certainty—that is, providing their match is on the level, and knowing Dempsey it is hard to believe otherwise—that Joseph will take the long count. . . . Dempsey is almost sure to flatten him. In our story the day of the bouts we made this comment:

The big event on the programme is the Jack Dempsey-Joe Bonds match. This number is an important one, not because it promises to be a keenly contested affair, but for the reason that it presents Dempsey, the latest sensation in the heavyweight ranks, in a bout in New York for the first time since he gained universal fame by knocking out Fred Fulton and Battling Levinsky."

Dempsey figures to 'take' Bonds quickly. If he doesn't there will be something 'all wrong' about the match."

From this it may be seen that The Globe did not either sanction or uphold the Dempsey-Bonds match. Aside from that Mr. McKetrick's statement was taken for what it is."

No Place in Pugilism for Such as Dempsey

By HYATT DAAB.

THERE is no place in boxing to-day for the pugilist who draws the "color" line. With negroes doing their bit just as heroically as white soldiers and sailors to make the world safe for the generations to come, it behooves no boxer, whether title holder or near champion, to employ the "color" line as a defensive barrier against formidable negro challengers.

Whether Jack Dempsey declined to meet Joe Jeannette, when that hoary veteran challenged him to fight before more than eight thousand fans in Madison Square Garden Saturday night because he feared to meet the group of efficient negro heavyweights who have been stalking his trail is problematical.

Certainly Dempsey has nothing to fear from the negro veteran from New Jersey, who is verging on the forty year mark. He may hesitate, perhaps, to mingle with Kid Norfolk or Harry Wills, negro heavyweights of great skill, but the Utah pugilist who sprang into fistic fame when he knocked out Fred Fulton in less than a round at Harrison last summer doubtless

would have battered Josephus into submission in a few rounds had they met, despite the crafty veteran's conceded defensive skill.

Regardless of what impelled Dempsey's ill-timed refusal to meet the negro on Saturday night, however, his popularity will wane altogether should he continue to maintain his present attitude toward negro challengers. Dempsey is not yet champion. There are many who believe that Jess Willard would defeat him easily, should they ever meet, and the champion be in good condition.

A Peer Stand.

By what peculiar line of reasoning then did Dempsey decide to draw the "color" line? He is still but a challenger himself. It is a matter of record that he has fought negroes, not once but on numerous occasions. His appearance in this city was in a bout at the Harlem Sporting Club about two years ago, against John Lester Johnson, a husky negro. Until he leaped into fame last summer via the Fulton knockout he had no scruples whatever concerning negro opponents."

No lower in the history of pugilism ever drew the "color" line unless he feared a negro challenger. But it is difficult to believe such a splendid fighter as Dempsey has shown himself to be should seek refuge behind the barrier of the weak kneed.

Few of the great fighters of other days ever sought safety in the subcellar of the "color" line. Jim Corbett, who himself was present Saturday night and was inclined to excuse Dempsey for refusing to box Jeannette, fought a memorable draw of sixty-one rounds against the great negro gladiator Peter Jackson, in San Francisco, in 1891. Corbett never drew the "color" line. And in his salad days Jack Johnson, now exiled in Spain, never lacked white opponents, for there were Tommy Burns, Steve Ketchell and old Jim Jeffries and others too numerous to mention who were willing to meet the big negro at the drop of the hat.

And further inspection of the fistic records shows that even as far back as 1810 there were plenty of white opponents for the then famous Tom Molineaux, a great negro pugilist of that long forgotten day. In 1811 before twenty thousand persons gathered at Covent Garden, near London, Tom Cribb, one of the greatest gladiators in the history of the British prize ring, defeated the negro in eleven rounds.

Was Poorly Advised.

There is one thing for Dempsey to do if he desires to re-establish himself in the esteem of the thousands who acclaimed him. That is to erase the "color" line and meet all comers. Few doubt he could defeat them all—white and negro pugilists alike—for Dempsey is a fighter down to the ground, perhaps the greatest developed in the recent history of the prize ring throughout the world.

Persons who profess to know assert that personally Dempsey has no objection to boxing negroes, and that had it not been for Jack Kearns, his manager, he would have boxed Jeannette Saturday night. All of which may be true.

The public, however, is interested only in Jack Dempsey. Should he persist in observing the "color" line the public will condemn him as he deserves. The deluge of catcalls and jeers that swept the Garden as he and his retinue slunk out of the arena last Saturday night should be sufficient warning.

FULTON MUST BOX WILLS TO WIN BACK HIS OLD POPULARITY

BROOKLYN CITIZEN

DECEMBER 20, 1918

PICKING ON LANGFORD, THE FLYNNS, BRENNAN AND OTHERS OF THAT CLASS WON'T HELP TO WIPE OUT HIS QUICK DEFEAT AT THE HANDS OF JACK DEMPSEY—BOXING BILL TO BE INTRODUCED IN EARLY DAYS OF LEGISLATURE'S SESSION—MOVEMENT TO BOOM BOWLING AGAIN

BY WM. J. GRANGER.

Fred Fulton is on his way back for another try at the title. The lanky plasterer, after listening to the argument that his twenty-three-second knockout at the hands of Jack Dempsey was a fluke, has come to believe in this view of the encounter.

He plans to make his way back into the good graces of the public by cleaning up the Sam Langfords, Jim and Porky Flynn, Bill Brennans and others of that class. He started the campaign last night by picking on poor old Sam Langford. He won but as the bout was limited to four rounds, Old Sam managed to stick to the end.

However, there is one bout that the public will insist upon Frederick going through with if he expects the boxing public to take his come-back seriously. That is a bout with Harry Wills. Picking on Sam Langford proves that Fulton does not draw the color line. For that reason he cannot duck a match with Wills with the old color line as an alibi.

Wills is the only big negro of class right now. Langford is long since passe. So is Joe Jeanette notwithstanding the grandstand play he made at the expense of Jack Dempsey at the War Campaign Fund benefit in the Garden recently. Jeanette's popularity was punctured by his actions in the Garden.

There isn't any question about Wills' class. The big negro is a splendid boxer and can hit. A bout between him and Fulton, providing Frederick keeps his jaw out of punch range for a few rounds, should result in one of the most interesting contests staged between heavyweights in many a day.

However, it is almost a certainty that it will take a team of horses to drag Fulton into a match with Wills. The New Orleans dandy, right now, is just as much a bugaboo for the heavy-

out by the almost complete elimination of open tournaments.

Another interesting bowling event, that is to start shortly, is the Interclub League. The opening games are scheduled for Jan. 6, and because of the new blood injected into the league the competition this season is expected to be far more interesting than was the case in the Interclub League events of recent years.

Outscore 25 Centres in Manhattan

Borough at Chelsea Park—

Meets at Other Parks.

N.Y. HERALD

SEPTEMBER 3, 1918

Modelled a lot on the lines of the Safe and Sound Fourth of July activities, the men in charge of the public playgrounds, recreation centres and parks made Labor Day another period of sport for the residents of the city who could probably not afford to take a long trip out into the country. At Chelsea Park, in West Twen-

ty-seventh street, the most important of the five meets staged took place. The contests at this park were for the championship of Manhattan Borough, with twenty-six different playgrounds and recreation centres taking part in the athletics. The other meets were more or less of a local nature. They were held at Macomb's Dam Park, Betsy Head Park, Curtis Field and Astoria Field.

At Chelsea Park the boys from Tompkins square scored the greatest number of points, with a total of twenty. Hamilton Fish youngsters were four points behind. Only nine of the organizations were able to get boys among the medal winners. The open events for A.A.U. men at Chelsea Park provided some very fine entertainment for the crowd of 2,000 spectators. The best race of the day was won by J. Losero, who is attached to one of the aviation sections of the army. In civil life he used to be one of the crack runners of the Irish-American A.C., of Boston, and four years ago on the same track he ran a close second to Abel Kiviat in a special mile race. Yesterday Losero took the three-quarter mile race after a very close race with W. Powe, a negro runner of the Alpha Physical Culture Society. Powe managed to beat his field with about five yards margin to spare in the quarter mile race. Losero was also the winner of two medals as he finished second to Charles Clarke in the open 100 yard dash. Clarke, a well known local athlete, represented the Pelham Bay Training Station in the

disqualified; Wins Again. C. Kablitz, of the Tompkins Square Park, was disqualified after running and winning the 75 yards dash because it was found that he had not been correctly entered, but he was allowed to compete in the 100 yards event later and he won it rather handily.

At Astoria Field H. Feigenbarm, an unattached runner, finished first in both the 300 and 1,000 yards races open to A.A.U. athletes. At the same grounds James Fay won the 60 yards dash in the 100 pound class and then competed in the 75 yards dash for the boys who weighed up to 115 pounds. His speed carried him to victory in this contest.

One of the best performances of the day was registered at Curtis Field when H.A.C., third. Time, 11m. 2s.

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Burke won the half mile run in the unlimited weight class in 2m. 43-5s. This would have been a creditable piece of running even in an open event, and the youngster will bear watching. This is the same track where Kiviat was discovered. Burke showed his class as a sprinter as well as a middle distance runner when he led his field in the 100 yards dash in 11 4-5s.

Roy Morse, of the Salem Crescent A.C., champion 100 yards runner, who recently broke down in a race and threatened to retire, showed a lot of his old ginger at Curtis Field in winning at his favorite distance. The time of 10 4-5s. was very moderate for him, but the track was not in condition conducive to speedy performances in the dashes. Athletes from the Federal Rendezvous furnished the military flavor to the sports. They won three of the open events.

Up at Macomb's Dam Park, in the Bronx, the Federal Rendezvous boys won all three places in the 220-yard dash open to army and navy.

The Summaries.

Chelsea Park.

Forty-Yard Dash (80-Pound Class).—Won by J. Rabinowitz, Hamilton Fish Park; second, A. Shishoff, Hamilton Fish Park; third, S. Katz, Cherry and Market Park. Time, 6 2-5s.

Sixty-Yard Dash (100-Pound Class).—Won by G. Gary, Tompkins Square; second, L. Black, Hamilton Fish; third, W. McDermott, East Sixty-seventh Street. Time, 7s.

Seventy-five-Yard Dash (115-Pound Class).—Won by E. Homer, St. Gabriel's; second, J. Green, De Witt Clinton; third, F. Sircusa, East Twelfth Street. Time, 8 2-5s.

One Hundred-Yard Dash (Unlimited Weight).—Won by C. Kablitz, Tompkins Square; second, J. Sapierza, St. Gabriel's; third, R. Wolf, Tompkins Square. Time, 11s.

Potato Race (80-Pound Class).—Won by B. Bergowitz, Tompkins Square; second, M. Mercado, Corlears Hook; third, D. Postloff, Corlears Hook. Time, 28s.

One Hundred and Fifty-Yard Dash (115-Pound Class).—Won by A. Proazzo, East Twelfth Street; C. Carr, De Witt Clinton; third, W. Sullivan, St. Gabriel's. Time, 18s.

Three-Quarter Mile Run (Open to A.A.U.).—Won by J. Losero, Twenty-seventh Construction Company, Aviation Section, U. S. A.; second, W. Greenberg, Glencoe A.C. Time, 3m. 8s.

Quarter Mile Run (Open to A.A.U.).—Won by W. Powe, Alpha P.C.S.; second, W. Steer, unattached; third, H. Cunningham, Paulist A.C. Time, 55 2-5s.

Running Broad Jump (100 Pound Class).—Won by J. Weltman, Hamilton Fish, 16 feet 6 inches; second, J. Lamatta, Chelsea, 15 feet 7 inches; third, R. Gallagher, Chelsea, 15 feet 4 inches.

Half Mile Run (Unlimited Weight).—Won by H. Cunningham, De Witt Clinton; second, C. Kablitz, Tompkins Square; third, R. Wolf, Tompkins Square. Time, 2m. 20s.

One Hundred Yard Dash (Open to Army and Navy).—Won by C. B. Clark, Pelham Bay Naval Training Station; second, J. Losero, U. S. A.; third, W. A. Garrison, U. S. N. R. F. Time, 11s.

Point Score: Tompkins Square, 20; Hamilton Fish, 16; St. Gabriel's, 9; East Twelfth Street, 8; Corlears Hook, 4; De Witt Clinton, 4; Chelsea, 3; Cherry and Market, 1; East Sixty-seventh Street, 1.

Curtis Field.

Forty-Yard Dash (80-Pound Class).—Won by L. Rowland, unattached. Time, 8 4-5s.

Sixty-Yard Dash (100-Pound Class).—Playground Boys.—Won by C. Davidowitz, P. Alcinio, second; A. Schnapps, third. Time, 9 1-5s.

Seventy-five Yard Dash (115-Pound Class).—Playground Boys.—Won by J. Friedlander; W. Quigley, second; N. Turvin, third. Time, 10 4-5s.

Eight Hundred and Eighty Yard Run.—Won by M. Haskell; W. Glynn, second; A. Price, third. Time, 2m. 18s.

Three Mile Run.—Won by M. Greenberg, Pastime A.C.; Chris Murstein, unattached, second; A. Chankin, unattached, third. Time not taken.

Astoria Field.

Forty Yard Dash (80-Pound Class).—Won by L. Weiser; R. Polnacki, second; L. Najdek, third.

Sixty Yard Dash (100-Pound Class).—Won by James Fay; Ben Weiser, second; George Partington, third.

Seventy-five Yard Dash (115-Pound Class).—Won by James Fay; Ben Weiser, second; Duncan Rhind, third.

One Hundred Yard Dash (Unlimited Weight Class).—Won by J. Partington; R. Wade, second; R. Jewell, third.

Running High Jump (Unlimited Weight Class).—Won by E. Carroll, with 5 ft. 4 in.; Charles Hodik, with 5 ft. 3 in., second; R. Jewell, 5 ft. 3 in., third. Hodik won the toss of coin.

L. Freda; A. Berman, second; L. Duccasse, third. Time, 6 1-5s.

Sixty Yard Dash (110-Pound Class).—Won by A. Freda; J. Dudy, second; C. Lindenberg, third. Time, 8 2-5s.

One Hundred Yard Dash (Unlimited Weight Class).—Won by H. Burke; W. Blue, second; L. Lindenberg, third. Time, 11 4-5s.

One-Half Mile Run (Unlimited Weight Class).—Won by H. Burke; W. Blue, second; A. Freda, third. Time, 2m. 4 3-5s.

Running Broad Jump (Unlimited Weight Class).—Won by J. Dudy, with 12 ft. 9 3/4 in.; A. Freda, 12 ft. 7 in., second; George Breen, 10 ft. 10 1/2 in., third.

Potato Race (80-Pound Class).—Won by J. Freda; L. Freda, second; A. Berman, third. Time, 8 3-5s.

Consolation Race, One Lap.—Won by C. Freda; S. Phillips, second; P. Cotter, third. Time, 1m. 23 1-5s.

One Hundred Yard Dash, Open A. A. U.—Won by Roy Morse, Salem-Crescent A.C.; J. Brier, unattached, second; C. J. Campbell, second; Federal Rendezvous, third. Time, 10 4-5s.

One-Half Mile Run: A.A.U. Novice.—Won by R. D. White, Federal Rendezvous; F. A. Piro, Federal Rendezvous, second. Time, 2m. 7 1-5s.

Six Hundred Yard Run: Open to Army and Navy.—Won by King Troensgaard, Federal Rendezvous; C. J. Campbell, Federal Rendezvous, second; F. A. Piro, Federal Rendezvous, third. Time, 1m. 55 2-5s.

One Hundred Yard Dash: Open to Army and Navy; Light Marching Order.—Won by C. J. Campbell, Federal Rendezvous; King Troensgaard, Federal Rendezvous, second; R. D. White, Federal Rendezvous, third. Time, 12 1-5s.

Macomb's Dam Park.

Forty Yard Dash (80-Pound Class).—Playground Boys.—Won by Arnold Best; L. Lindenberg, second; J. Schwartz, third. Time, 7s.

Potato Race.—Won by J. Rhind; T. Norton, second; M. Schwartz, third.

Three Hundred Yard Run, Open A.A.U.—Won by H. Feigenbaum, unattached; A. Freerich, Ninety-second street Y.M.H.A., second; R. Wade, Belmont A.C., third.

One Thousand Yard Run, Open A.A.U.—Won by H. Feigenbaum, unattached; A. Freerich, Ninety-second street Y.M.H.A., second; S. Peterson, unattached, third.

Betsy Head Park.

Sixty Yard Dash (One Hundred Pound Class).—Won by H. Thompson, Betsy Head; second, E. Kellman, Betsy Head; third, F. Rankin, McKibbin.

Seventy-five Yard Dash (One Hundred and Fifteen Pound Class).—Won by H. Thompson, Betsy Head; second, A. Brounstein, McKibbin; third, L. Rowland, unattached. Time, 8 4-5s.

One Hundred Yard Dash (Heavyweight Class).—Won by A. Rothschild, Betsy Head; second, F. De Solo, Bushwick; third, M. Kuffer, McKibbin. Time, 11s.

Half Mile Run (Unlimited Weight).—Won by W. Glover, Betsy Head; second, J. Maguire, Betsy Head; third, J. Menell, Betsy Head. Time, 2m. 9 1-5s.

Two Hundred and Twenty-Yard Dash (A.A.U.).—Won by A. Rothschild, New York city; second, L. H. Buxbaum, unattached; third, W. Murray, unattached. Time, 23 1-5s.

Forty Yard Dash (80 Pound Class).—Won by A. Lener; McKibbin; second, A. Zanolis, Betsy Head; third, J. Berkowitz, Betsy Head. Time, 5 3-5s.

One Hundred Yards Dash Open to Army and Navy.—Won by F. Lipari, Federal Rendezvous;

second, W. Bonner, Mineola Base Hospital; third, J. E. Heydinger, Medical Corps. Time, 12:15.
Running Broad Jump.—Won by B. Kerr, Bets Head, 15 ft. 3 in.; second, S. Cohen, Bets Head, 14 ft. 9 in.; third, A. Conklin, McKibbin, 14 ft. 6 in.
Potato Race (Eighty Pound Class).—Won by A. Lener, McKibbin; second, A. Janapolis, Bets Head; third, M. Smith, McKibbin.
One Mile Run (A.A.U.).—Won by J. M. O'Neill, unattached; second, J. Brower, unattached; third, J. Tabudofsky, Time, 5m. 22-5s.
Hundred and Fifty Yard Dash (115 Pounds).—Won by H. Thompson, Betsy Head; second, L. Lorber, Betsy Head; third, A. Brownstein, McKibbin.

R. Edgrens COLUMN



X. Y. C. FOR WORLD
MAY 22, 1918

A Few Years Ago Neither Harry Wills Nor Any One Else Could Have Taken Sam Langford's Measure.

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(The New York Evening World.)

DESPATCH from Panama reads:

"Sam Langford, the veteran negro pugilist, attempted a come-back here last night against Harry Wills, who defeated Sam a few months ago. In the seventh round Langford's seconds threw in the sponge to save Sam from further punishment."

THIS is the announcement of the end of Sam Langford as a great fighter. Of course Wills is a giant in size and a skilful boxer, and it is no disgrace to be defeated by him. But a few years ago neither Wills nor any one else could have taken Sam Langford's measure.

And to-day—fat and long past his prime—Sam Langford is only thirty two years of age.

A WONDERFUL fighting career Langford had. He was handicapped by his color, for if he had been a white man he would have made a great fortune in the ring. As it is, Sam probably has very little saved for the "rainy day." In course of time he may, like his old rival, Joe Walcott, become a coal heaver or a longshoreman. It is a queer fate for a man who might, all chances being equal, have become one of the great of world's champions.

Langford was born in 1886. He began fighting in 1902, at the age of sixteen. He was a lightweight

Among the famous old-timers who felt the weight of his punch were McGovern and George Dixon. H. Tim Kearns, Patsey Sweeney, Young Griffio, Joe Gans, Willie Lewis, George McFadden, Young Peter Jackson, Larry Temple and scores of others by a nearly equal fame in their day.

Langford grew through the welter and middleweight classes and became a heavyweight. And what a heavy-weight he was! Narrow-hipped and lean-waisted and with the greatest

chest and widest shoulders ever seen on a man of his height. Sam was only 5 feet 6½ inches tall, but a giant in breadth and depth. With tremendous physical power he combined astonishing skill and perfect confidence. Blows glanced from his turret-shaped head without hurting him, and his body seemed cased in muscles that were a perfect protection against the padded fist. He was aggressive, yet deliberate.

Jack Johnson fought Sam Langford once. Langford was a welterweight then. Johnson won a fifteen-round decision. But Sam grew bigger and tried in every way to induce Johnson to meet him again. And Johnson flatly refused. Johnson didn't hide his reason. He smiled his golden smile and explained:

"That boy is too tough; I can get the money in lots of easier ways than by fighting him."

There was only one heavyweight Langford never challenged. That was Jeffries. I asked Sam about it once, and he said: "That great big bear! No sir, I don't want to fight him." But after Johnson's victory at Reno, Langford fairly hounded Johnson for a match. He knew he could whip Johnson.

After knocking out all opponents who would meet him, Langford went to Australia, where he fought several tough battles with Sam McVey, another tremendously powerful black fighter. Sam was slipping into fat then. His descent since has been gradual. Langford was the only heavyweight I've ever seen who could get into a ring hog-fat and fight like a demon. Fat didn't seem to stop him for a long time.

BUT at last he met his match in Harry Wills, a negro 6 feet 5½ inches tall—nearly a foot over Sam—who was nearly Sam's equal in skill and hitting power. The first time they fought a ten-round draw. Then they fought in California. Wills knocked Langford down twice in the early rounds. The sight of Langford on the floor was a novelty then! But Sam knocked Wills out in the fourteenth round. After that Langford, in New Orleans, lost a twenty-round decision to Wills. Then he knocked Wills out in nineteen rounds, fought a ten-round draw with him, and was knocked out by Wills. And now Wills has stopped Sam in seven rounds. He has taken the mastery, and although only thirty-two years old, Langford will never go ahead of him again. Like his famous rival of welterweight days, Joe Walcott, Langford has ceased to be a "giant killer." His day is done. The ring may not see his equal again in another generation.

NEW YORKERS who follow fighting in the old days will remember Eddie Lenny, the great featherweight. Lenny, who was of Italian parentage, never weighed more than 120 pounds, yet he fought Jack Smith, Tim Callahan, Oscar Gardner, Harry Forbes, Joe Bernstein, Kid Broad, Ellwood McCloske

BULLET FROM OWN GUN MADE WALCOTT RETIRE

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 10.—Just 12 years ago yesterday that Joe Walcott, the "Black Demon of Baradoss," passed his checks as a fighter.

The former champion of the welterweights, who was one of the greatest fighters of all time, engaged in his last important battle on November 29, 1906, when he fought Honey Melody. The ex-demon was pounded all over, and was at last brought to his realization that he was all in as a fighter. He was then in his thirty-fifth year, but it was not age that ended his pugilistic career, but a bullet. Walcott was fond of sporting a gun. One night he was showing off at a dance, and accidentally sent a bullet through his trusty right—the fist that had won him over 100 battles. After that he was a one-handed fighter, and naturally couldn't last.

Joe was born in British Guiana in 1872, and later removed to the neighboring West Indian island of Barbados. There he worked at various jobs, and eventually became a human punching bag in a "gym." At first his shape was a source of amusement, for he was almost as wide as he was tall, but in a little while Joe picked up some of the points of the boxing game and began slamming in punches in a manner that wiped the smile off the faces of his antagonists. He soon developed into a great boxer and a fine wrestler, and Tom O'Rourke added Walcott to his stable, which also included George Dixon, the wonderful little colored boxer. In 1901 Walcott met Rube Ferns, the welterweight champion, at Fort Erie, and knocked out the farmer in the fifth round, annexing the title. Rube had reached the top of the welterweight heap only a few months before by defeating Matty Matthews at Toronto. Walcott never insisted that his opponents make any specific weight. "The bigger they are, the harder they fall," was Joe's motto. He whipped Joe Choynski, the viceroy heavyweight, and challenged Jim Jeffries, Tom Sharkey, Jim Corbett and other top-notchers. When he went over to England in 1902 to take part in the coronation boxing festival he offered to bet \$5,000 that

he could whip any English heavyweight, but none of them accepted the offer.

Walter Camp, Yale's football mentor, has picked an all-American service team in place of an all-American intercollegiate team this year.

In mentioning an all-American team he selects Robeson, the great colored star of Rutgers College.

Walter Camp, Yale's football mentor, has picked an all-American service team in place of an all-American intercollegiate team this year.

Explaining this Mr. Camp says in a short introduction to a most entertaining review of the football season of last fall in the current issue of Collier's Weekly.

"In an editorial conference it was determined that out of deference to conditions prevailing in this country the annual selection of the all-American team would be omitted. The writer's notes have been made, however, and it may be that some time in the future it will seem proper to fill up the hiatus in a series of all American teams selected since 1889."

Mr. Camp's all-American service team follows:

Ends—Rasmussen, Nebraska and Camp Grant, and Gardiner, Carlisle and Camp Custer.

Tackles—Beckett, Oregon and Mare Island, and West, Colgate and Camp Dix.

Guards—Black, Yale and Newport Naval Reserves, and Allending, Michigan and Fort Sheridan.

Center—Callahan, Yale and Newport Naval Reserves.

Quarterback—Watkins, Colgate and Mineola Aviation Camp.

Halfbacks—Casey, Howard and Boston Navy Yard, and Minot, Howard and Camp Devens.

Fullback—Smith, Michigan and Great Lakes Training School.

NEGRO SPRINTER IS ATHLETIC MARVEL
BALVESTON TEXAS
JUNE 24, 1918

COMEBACK" OF HOWARD DREW STARTLES ALL DEVOTEES OF CINDER PATH.

New York, June 23.—The remarkable athletic "comeback" of Howard Drew, the negro sprinter running in the colors of Drake University, at the recent championship meet of the conference colleges, is undoubtedly the outstanding feature of the intercollegiate track season. By winning both the 100 and 220-yard dashes from the fastest fields that the Middle Western colleges could boast, Drew demonstrated that his victories were not due to either accident or lack of formidable opponents. If any further proof were needed, the time would amply attest the high standing of Drew's sprinting, as he ran the 100 in ten seconds flat and the 220 in 22 2-5 seconds.

When it is taken into consideration that Drew is 28 years of age and has been competing for thirteen years, during which time he has won numerous victories and equalled world's record time in both these events, it can be seen that his latest triumphs are little short of athletic marvels. Born in Lexington, Va., on June 28, 1890, Drew began his track career at the age of 15, and twice since that date has broken down in competition to an extent that led to reports that his sprinting days were ended. Each time he has refuted these statements by returning to the cinder path and startling the athletic world with brilliant performances and victories.

Drew's entire track record has been as sensational as his recent "comeback." He first sprang into national prominence while a student at the Springfield (Mass.) High School in 1911. He won several short races that season and the next year startled athletic sharps by running a dead heat in the 100 with C. A. Rice, another youthful sprinting phenomenon, in the wonderful time of 9 4-5 seconds. This attracted the attention of a late James E. Sullivan, then the head of the Amateur Athletic Union, who immediately had Drew pointed for the Olympic games at Stockholm, later in the season. The negro responded to the efforts of his trainers by winning the 100-yard race at the Eastern tryout games 10 4-5 seconds, defeating both Craig Rice in the final.

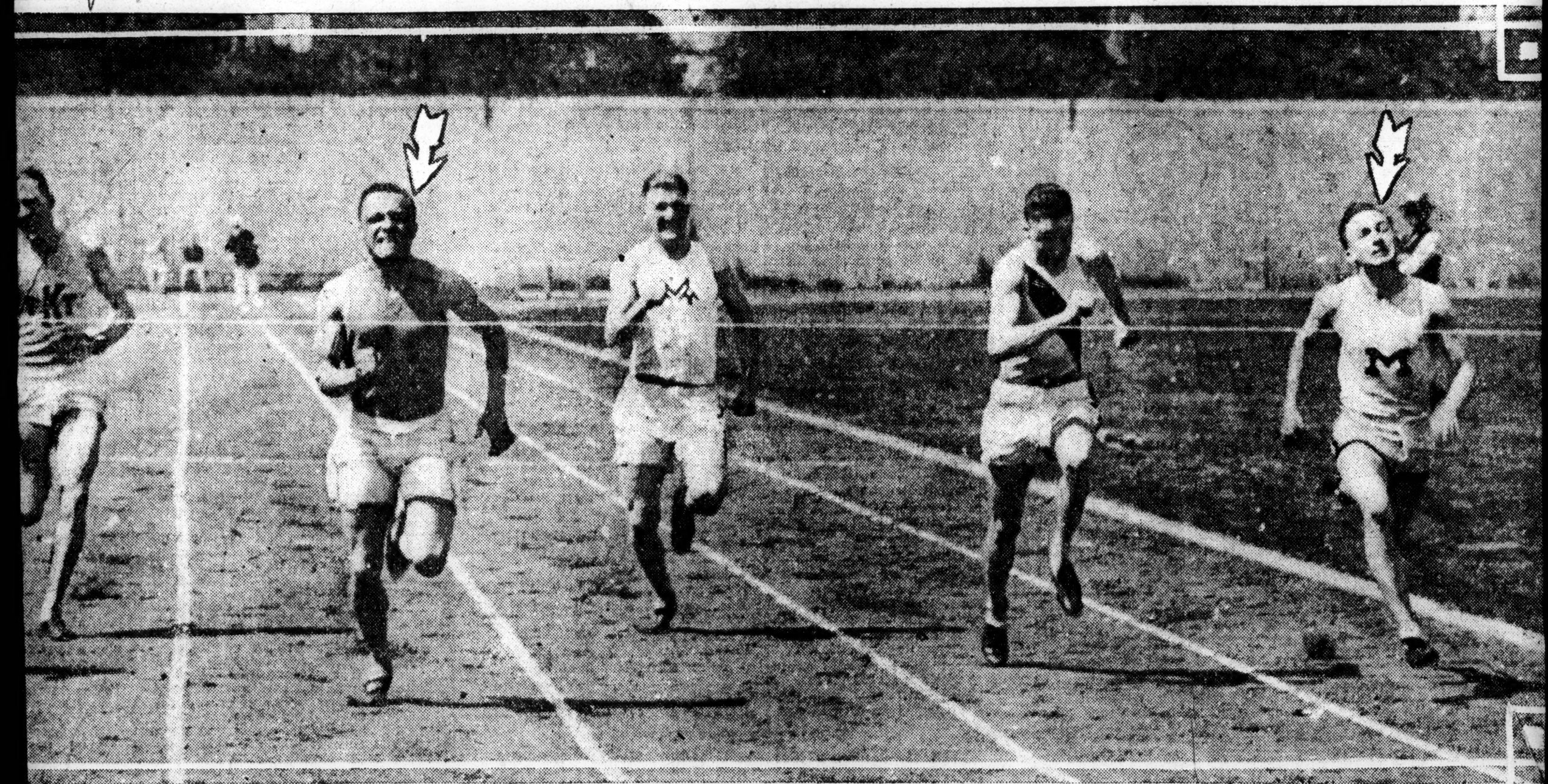
Upon his arrival with the American team at Stockholm, Drew continued to show sizzling speed and won both his 100 and 220 yard races, and a place in the final of the 100-yard in 11 seconds, without being hard headed. He pulled a tendon, however, in the running of the final, in which three places were won by Americans, in order of finish being: Craig, Meyer Lippincott, and the time 10 4-5 seconds.

After his return to this country he ended the University of Southern California for which institution he won many honors and points. While there he held the world's record of 9-3-5 seconds for the 100 and 211-5 for the 220. A member of the varsity team he attended the University of Pennsylvania relay carnival, winning the 100 yard and 220 yard races, as well as the running of the first season. With the option of Arthur Duffy of Georgetown, Drew is the only sprinter to capture this event twice.

His career has contained a number of interesting sidelights, for he was married and the father of two children while a high school student. He earned his way through school by serving as a boy in a local hotel during off hours his first pair of sprinting shoes were made by himself. After seeing a comrade with a real pair of running shoes, he took two old shoes, cut the tops and by driving short nails through the soles produced his first pair of speeders. Apparently there is no limit to Drew's ability and resourcefulness.

SENSATIONAL FINISH OF THE 100-YARD DASH SATURDAY, JUNE 8

to Howard Drew, representing Drake University, breasting the tape, winner in the championship games at Chicago University, and Scholz of Missouri, the white speed king, who, at
Open line 6-22-18, conceded first place before the race, finished second.



CK. KANSAS

HOWARD DREW, DRAKE (Winning)

COOK, MICHIGAN

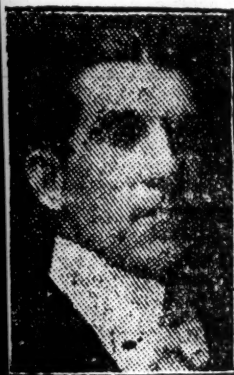
CARROLL, ILLINOIS (Third)

Photo copyright by International Film
SCHOLZ, MISSOURI (Second)

CORBETT GIVES HIS OPINION OF GANS' GREATNESS IN RING

BY JAMES J. CORBETT

(Copyright 1917, by King Feature Syndicate, Inc.)



Frequently I have been asked:

"What was the outstanding feature of Joe Gans' greatness?"

And the answer is—brains and eagerness to learn every minute detail concerning his profession.

The negro perhaps was one of the greatest students of pugilism in the history of the ring; and he never overlooked an opportunity to imitate or perfect any ring tricks which other warriors were using with success. He was ever on the lookout for something new—ever ready to adopt it if it seemed worth while.

Gans, in this respect, should be an example for many of the present day youngsters. A lot of them, after coming fairly clever, fall into a satisfied condition. They think they know about all there is to be known. They no longer progress—they stand still. And eventually they come to realize that somebody else has been awake to the change while they had been asleep. But usually it is too late.

Leonard Is Eager

Benny Leonard is like Gans in his eagerness to acquire new tricks; his willingness to learn from others and that very fact will continue Benny in pugilistic supremacy for years to come. The youthful King of the lightweight division ranks today as one of the cleverest fighters that any division of boxing ever has produced. Most youngsters so placed would feel that they know all there is to know. But not Leonard. He is ambitious—ever wanting to perfect himself more and more.

Gans had wonderful natural fighting ability, a splendid physique, great speed, a terrific punch and powers to stand up under punishment. But it was the brains of Gans, ever alert that made it possible for him to rise from obscurity to the dominating heights in the lightweight division—and to remain there for years.

An Illustration

And illustration of how Gans used his brains is shown here: Gans once was pitted against a fighter who was of the "cover up" type, continually keeping hands and elbows protecting his jaw. Gans, finding that it was not possible to reach the jaw of his foe with a solid wallop, opened an attack on the stomach and heart. But the foe of Gans had a body that was impervious to the most furious bombardment. Unable to knock out his opponent with body blows and unable to reach his jaw with a direct punch, the keen brain of Gans mapped out a plan of attack. He was ever on the lookout for something new—ever watchful

ever learning. Is it any wonder that he became the greatest warrior of his weight and time?

Real Reason Why Dempsey Dodged Jeannette Fight

By CROSS COUNTER.

The man who declared that the color line in pugilism was a yellow streak

gave utterance to a half truth. No one believes that Jack Dempsey in refusing to fight Jeannette was actuated by

fear. Possibly the manager of Dempsey thought that a battle with Jeannette would open the door to a challenge from Wills, who really is a dangerous heavyweight.

In any event, Dempsey in drawing the color line at a time when he looms as the next heavyweight champion shows inconsistency. When he began to climb the pugilistic ladder he was willing to fight anyone and did fight Negroes. He thus set a precedent and stands convicted of inconsistency.

Dan Morgan, in arguing the point against Dempsey, declared that John L. Sullivan was the only heavyweight champion who consistently drew the color line. Morgan is ill informed. It is true that John L. Sullivan's record contains no reference to the Bostonian ever having fought a Negro, and it is unlikely that he ever contested a bout with a black skinned boxer.

Police Interfered.

Yet it is a matter of record that Sullivan while holding the heavyweight title made a match with George Godfrey, a Negro known as "Old Chocolate," and that the pair were stripped and in their corners in a hall in Boston when the police interfered.

This instance, which has been verified by Boston experts, was the only one in which Sullivan entered the ring with a Negro and it furnishes proof that he did not draw the color line till Peter Jackson menaced the crown won by the Boston man.

It also is a fact that no boxer who has held the American heavyweight title consistently has drawn the color line, although nearly all have refused at times to meet Negroes in the ring. Negro fighters were few and far between in America in bare knuckle days, Peter Jackson being the first of prominence to appear on the pugilistic horizon. With the advent of glove fighting a large number of dangerous black boxers sprung up and gave the white champions much uneasiness.

Although Sullivan was not averse to fighting George Godfrey, the champion drew the color line tightly in the case

As a youngster just climbing up the ladder of ring fame Jim Corbett met Jackson in a sixty-one round draw. After Corbett became champion he declined to box Jackson again.

Scarce in Fitz's Time.

Shortly after Fitzsimmons defeated the original Jack Dempsey for the middleweight title the new champion met and vanquished the Black Pearl of Minneapolis. Fitz did not meet any black fighters while he held the heavyweight championship, probably because there were none who could give the Cornishman a battle. Jackson at this time was on the down grade.

Previous to winning the title from Fitz, Jeffries met Peter Jackson and Bob Armstrong. Jackson was a pugilistic memory at the time and Armstrong, at his best, outpointed Jeff in ten rounds in this city. After becoming champion Jeff beat Hank Griffin and later on came out of retirement to meet defeat at the hands of Jack Johnson.

Tommy Burns, who claimed and successfully defended the title after the retirement of Jeffries, sedulously avoided Sam Langford, although he had previously boxed a Negro named Harry Peppers. Burns kept well out of Langford's reach, but finally fell a victim to Jack Johnson.

Willard won his title from Johnson and then drew the color line. The Kansan not only has refused to box Negroes but white men as well, being consistent in that respect.

Dempsey and his manager may have some doubts as to the outcome of a bout with Harry Wills, but they certainly have no fears of the aged Jeannette or the bombastic Norfolk.

When Gans Beat Erne.

The shortest lightweight championship bout on record was that between Frank Erne and Joe Gans at Fort Erie, May 12, 1902. The contest lasted less than thirty seconds, Gans scoring a clean knockout with the first blow he landed on the champion. Both Erne and Gans feinted and used their feet for at least twenty seconds, each trying for an opening. Gans was the first to let go with a right, after feinting for the body with the left, and reached the point of the jaw. Erne was completely knocked out and lost the lightweight championship of the world with

a single punch.

The Fort Erie bout was the culmination of a long period of ill feeling between the champion and his challenger. It grew out of the first meeting between the men at the Broadway A. C. in 1900. Erne received the decision over the Negro at the close of the twelfth round. Gans quit on the ground that a cut over his eye prevented him seeing well enough to box.

Later developments indicated that the Negro's action in stopping was due to a betting coup, in which the bulk of the money was wagered on Erne. Gans had his orders to quit and followed instructions. Gans declared after the bout that the cut over his eye was due to his coming into collision with Erne's skull, and that the blood trickled down in a way to partly blind him.

Welcome Excuse.

Those with inside information declared that Gans found Erne so easy to outpoint that he was in a quandary as to how to bring the bout to a close, and that the head-on collision came as a welcome excuse for quitting.

Erne naturally insisted that his punches caused the Negro to quit and denounced him as a coward. This angered the Negro and he sought another bout with the champion. Erne thereupon suggested that Gans get a reputation and intimated he would not be a good drawing card.

Gans was persistent, however, and finally proposed that they meet in a six round bout in Philadelphia, which would yield a good purse, and that there would be light boxing without any serious damage to either. This proposition was accepted by Erne and at once Gans went into strict training. He was in superb condition on the night set for the bout and arrived early at the clubhouse. The bout was promoted by Martin Julian and a large crowd gathered to witness the combat.

Erne arrived in Philadelphia about 7 o'clock and went to a hotel. He was in the act of writing his name on the hotel register when a friend whispered in his ear:

"The coon is going to double cross you."

Erne dropped the pen without finishing his name, left the hotel and took a train back to New York.

This action on the part of Erne drew severe criticism for the champion and he finally consented to a title match, selecting Fort Erie as the site, this city being near his Buffalo home.

Erne is now the battleground of the Negro heavyweights, as such good fellows as Harry Wills, Sam McVey and Jim Johnson, have been there for some time and have picked up plenty of big money by engaging in bouts between themselves. Sam Langford is now on his way to that place, having left Chicago recently. Sam expects to be matched with Wills, who recently stopped Johnson there in a few rounds.

Jackson and the White Hopes

Interesting Occurrences in
the Life of the Great

Chicago Fighter

12/1/18 Defender

These are dark days in heavyweights circles, and the rule of the white man bids fair to be long continued. Great fighters are like great soldiers. Sometimes the land is full of wonderful commanders and wars become marvels of skill, strategy and brilliant brain work. Sometimes there is a startling dearth of capable generals, and when a real colossus of military acumen arises he conquers empires and rules in tyrant glory till up from nowhere comes a general to displace him.

Harping back to ancient history, during the campaigns of Louis XIV., so the records say, there were more great commanders and more evenly matched than is usual in many fighting generations.

Fifty or sixty years later the crop of generals had run down to seed and Marlborough loomed up as the only champion.

Charles of Sweden created a mighty stir at the other end of Europe, but his finish showed that he was only a flash in the pan, while Marlborough towered over them all. Napoleon found the field miserably stocked with hopes.

The little Corsican doubtless owed much to his sagacity, his bravery and desperate fighting material that followed him to battle. Nevertheless, it is evident that he had a wretched gang of tenth-rate generals to oppose him even when provided with vast armies.

Napoleon's career for years was like that of Peter Jackson let loose among the present gang. Then when he grew old, and fat, and tired, and his hands—his legions—had been broken and ruined by many fights, he fell before the assault of Wellington.

Our civil war found the American circuit well provided with good material, young generals who soon showed their class and did corking and good work for four seasons.

A few years later the German heavyweight champion, Von Moltke, found both Austria and France pitifully shy on championship timber, and knocked out the best of their seventh-rate stock with short hooks in their first round. Thus it has been in his story, and thus it has been in the fighting game.

In Jackson's Time

The white hope—if you might call him so—of Jackson's time was no relation to the present breed, not even in appearance. Nowadays every man is a brawler who has unearthed a white hope mainly of his enormous size. They seem to think that a champion must be a mastodon. It is the reign of fat, and even the reign of beef and brawn, and these elephants are a sight to look upon.

They are immense, bovine, amiable-

They are immense, bovine, amiable-faced young men, clumsy and shambling, falling over their own feet. The strength is there, of course, but they don't know what to do with it. They can hit a dreadful blow, but they don't know how, when or where to hit it. What earthly good are they, excepting to wallop one another? The second crop fighters of Jackson's time were far smaller than the white hopes sought after of today, usually somewhat older in years, generally adorned with mustache and with fierce, predatory faces. These men graded from 170 to 190 pounds in weight. They had been trained in a rough school, full of hardships and desperate adventures. Sullivan was considered supreme, of course, with Peter Jackson, Slavin and Mitchell his chief competitors in glory. The second flight included such as McCaffrey, Lannon, George Godfrey, Kilrairie and others.

Bring back any one of these men as he was when best and turn him loose on the modern white hopes—oh, what scattering there would be.

It is our opinion, as above outlined, that any one of these men, second classers of Sullivan's hey-day, could have plowed through the present staff of hopes like an axe through a cheese. This being the case, how would the present flock have stood against Peter Jackson?

Jackson was as lively on foot as Corbett, nor did he rush to the attack with the frightening onset of Sullivan. Neither did Jackson have the one-punch swat of Fitzsimmons, and yet he was a great fighter. Sullivan would never give him or any other black man a chance, and to this day there are many who think Peter would have stabbed John's head off. Jackson has been forgotten by most of the modern fight fans; most of them, of course, never had a chance to see him. Had Packey McFarland been a heavyweight he would have been a modern Peter Jackson. Patterned in proportion to his bulk much like McFarland, Peter employed the same identical tactics—the long, snaky, educated left, flickering in and out like a serpent's venomous head; the shooting, crossing or countering right; the arm and wrist defense, coupled with an occasional clinch or side-clip of the head. Having seen them both, we can say that their movements were as much alike as though they had been cast in the same machine. Jackson was a perfect gentleman and hated to hurt anybody until hard pressed, and then, zowie bing-bing, good night! Jackson would have toyed with the hopes more prettily, more artistically than any of the others. Jackson would have made them actually look as though they were good boxers and as if they amounted to something. He would have let them in all probability go the route unless they attacked him too severely, in which case he would have knocked their onions off.

His Last Days

One of the hardest fought battles in the history of the prize ring was between Peter Jackson and Frank Slavin. It took place at the National Sporting Club, London, Eng. Both fighters received injuries from which they never fully recovered and the fight soon passed out of the pugilistic limelight. Some years later and when both were in adverse circumstances,

they met in the Klondike, where they resumed their former great friendship of many years before. It appears that Slavin had encountered a fearful time when he went to find gold in the Yukon. The frightful cold of those inhospitable parts of the world caused many to never reach the place where the gold existed. The path from Dawson City to White Pass was lined with bodies of those who fell and died on the way. It was thought for a time that Jackson was amongst the unfortunates. However, Slavin, who is still alive, says that after Jackson had lost the money he made by fighting he knocked about with traveling booth giving exhibitions of fighting. He at last got landed penniless near Dawson City, and upon hearing that Slavin was mining at a camp some miles away he made for his one-time friend and opponent, who gave him a hearty welcome and looked after him for a time. When Jackson at last left Dawson he went away well supplied with funds, which was the outcome of boxing entertainment got up by Frank Slavin in Jackson's behalf. Slavin says that when he handed the money to Jackson Peter said, "I think, Paddy, we will split this in two." "Why?" asked Slavin. "Well, Paddy, you have been to a lot of trouble and you have been so kind to me. I want you to take what is your due." Slavin would not take any part of the money. Jackson left Canada, and it was but a short time before he was in the throes of the dread white plague. A monument marks the last resting place of the great fighter.

V. Jeanor's COLUMN



N Y C EVE. WORLD
DECEMBER 2, 1918

Should There Be a Color Line in Pugilism? Let's Hear From Our Readers on the Subject.

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(The New York Evening World.)

SHOULD there be any color line in pugilism? In suggesting the subject as an argument for sport world followers, we have no desire to recall the recent occurrence at Madison Square Garden, when a last minute attempt was made to substitute Joe Jeannette for Joe Bonds as an opponent for Jack Dempsey. Very much to the contrary. We were not a sympathy with that idea at all. That incident was only the result of

plans made by well meaning folk who knew the future of boxing through smoked glasses.

But forgetting that particular happening for the time being the subject is well worthy of discussion. Has a fighter, a pugilist rather, white or black, a right to say he won't meet another fighter in combat who happens to be black? We invite let- ters on the subject; not, however, from managers, or others who are financially interested in the ring doings of boxers who may be concerned, but from the general public.

Personally we have no decided opinion to express, but it has always been our idea that any white man who refused to fight a negro did so through fear of being defeated and not on so-called principle. What does principle amount to among fighters? As our friend Bat Masterson might say, "Not a tinker's dam." Little Johnny Mack, who managed many a noted fighter in his day, used to say that fighters are like bulldogs and a man who owned a white terrier would be ridiculed in the dog-fight world if he refused to match his animal against a black or a brindle dog.

There have been many good fighters in ring history who, instead of side-stepping their black ring rivals, welcomed the opportunity of putting up their dukes against them. Kid Lavigne, for instance, jumped at the chance of fighting Joe Walcott AND HE BEAT HIM. Frank Erne fought, but he was beaten in turn by Joe Sans. Everybody fought George Dixon. It was the biggest feather in the late Terry McGovern's cap the night he knocked out "Little Chocolate" at the Broadway A. C. Many a white man fought Sam Langford until late years; in fact, a little white boy named Duane licked him decisively some years ago, without the slightest fear or dread of his deadly wallops. At the time Langford was regarded as a terror among the lightweights. Then there was Sandy Ferguson, the Boston heavyweight. He took especial delight in beating up negroes.

We know that John L. wouldn't fight a negro. He got away with his aversion to such scraps on the ground of principle. Peter Jackson was at the top of his form just then and Peter was some fighter. Our old friend Jack Skelly, however, reminds us that Sullivan had no scruples about fighting black men, if they looked "easy." Jack tells of an instance when John L. was matched with old George Godfrey of Boston and even got in the ring with him. A last minute mix-up, however, prevented the bout.

WHEN we come to think of it this color line business seems confined to the champions and near champions of the heavyweight division. In no other class has it been seriously considered. Why? If a good little white man can beat a good little black man, why shouldn't the same rule apply to the bigger fellows?

Is it because there is a good black heavyweight on the fistic horizon in the shape of Harry Wills? Jim Buckley told us, not so long ago, that Wills could beat the best two white heavyweights in the same ring. Jim was manager of Wills and may have been

overenthusiastic. From what we know of Wills he's not a superman. He has a chin and it can be hit. For his sake we'd hate to see Jack Dempsey land on it, but that's getting away from the subject.

TO show there is a difference of opinion on the color line subject even among close students of the boxing game it is only necessary to quote "Sunny Jim" Coffroth, who was in the "big city" recently.

"Imagine," said Jim to me, "a negro champion of the various classes of pugilism and see what will become of the sport. Interest in it would soon be out completely."

WILLIE ROTHWELL (Young Corbett of the old days) thinks Bob Edgren gave him the worst of it in his last Saturday's article on Eddie Hanlon, the Frisco lightweight of years ago. Corbett says Edgren made much of Hanlon's twenty-round draw with him at the time when Hanlon was a sixteen-year-old novice, but Bob didn't mention the fact that after that he (Corbett) stopped Hanlon in sixteen rounds.

"Although I got a draw with Hanlon in our first battle," says Corbett, "I admitted then and repeat it now that Eddie was best that night, but I beat him later in sixteen rounds. I fought Hanlon after that twenty rounds and it was close, but Ed Heismann gave Eddie the decision." Corbett, by the way, wants the fact recorded that he once stopped Hanlon in sixteen rounds. There you are, Bill.

NOW that ex-President Taft has finally declined to be Baseball's National Commission, the magnates who sought his services, with a notable idea of boosting their business, shouldn't be discouraged. They ought to get Col. T. R. and then they ought to remember that the secretary of the Treasury might soon be out of a job.

COLORED MEN ASK FOR CANN'S REMOVAL
JOURNAL OF THE N. Y. RECORD
SEPTEMBER 13, 1918

A mass meeting of colored men will be held tomorrow night in Newark for the purpose of protesting against Boxing Commissioner Cann's action in sending a letter to the Spring A. C. of Hoboken threatening to revoke the license of the club for having a "mixed" bout.

The leaders of the movement say that a resolution will be presented calling upon Governor Edge to remove Commissioner Cann for exceeding his powers.